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Amos Hopstone

BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THE FUNNIEST STORY WRITTEN DURING THE LAST 10 YEARS!

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

There are also fugitives from injustice.

Love of man for himself never grows less.

Bashfulness and awkwardness are twins.

A book agent is often a woman with a history.

Fortunate is the man who is a hero to his wife.

Enterprise is a sprout that is pruned by experience.

A woman doesn't necessarily cry when she sheds tears.

There's always a slip between the sidewalk and the ship.

All men are born equal, but the quality doesn't hold out.

It takes a man with sense to make a dollar go a long way.

Begin to educate your grandchildren by educating yourself.

Dyspepsia quickly transforms an optimist into a pessimist.

There's nothing truer than a sister's love for some other chap.

It is hard to get what you want when you don't know what it is.

A woman's anger, like a glass of soda water, sometimes fizzes out.

When some people feel for the poor they never feel in their pockets.

Out of the frying pan of courtship a man slips into the fire of matrimony.

One must have a good memory in order to know when and what to forget.

When a fool offers to back up his arguments with a bet a wise man shuts up.

A woman tries to appear discreet by refusing to give a reason where she has none.

The man whose only claim to sanctity is a long face should dispose of a portion of his cheek.

Ten days' intimate acquaintance with poverty will satisfy any man for the rest of his natural days.

With the exception of a fussy woman there is nothing on earth so disagreeable as a fussy man.

Some men owe all they have in this world to others—and some owe a lot more than they have.

Lots of men, after laying up something for a rainy day, get discouraged because it does not rain.

A minister talks about his "work," but the male members of his congregation are apt to call it a "snap."

Nothing makes a woman with a new hat so angry as to have another woman pass her without noticing it.

There is one good feature about breaking up housekeeping: it enables people to get rid of their old furniture.

The Editor Tells a Story From Life

JUST now we see placarded here and there about the cities a slogan which the Salvation Army has adopted. It reads: "A Man May Be Down, but He's Never Out!" This in turn brings to our mind what one of our authors once remarked to us in the office. Said he, pointing to a ragged derelict who was leaning disconsolately against the side of the big gray stone county jail building which stands across the street from the Ledger offices: "See that young fellow? He's out of the game, but he's out because he's evidently lost hope and ambition. The general thing stated wrongly about such fellows is that they've lost hope and ambition because they're out. Now, if something were to happen to inject interest, desire for life, into that man—say a sweetheart or a financial greed of some sort—he'd probably burn up his tracks making good. His case is typical of all down-and-outers and no-goods."

This made the editor smile, because he happened to know the story of Barton. Barton was more than down. Barton was out. And the "out" was spelled with capital letters. Yet Barton—but here is the story of Barton:

Barton was apparently just an ordinary fellow, moderately ambitious, moderately energetic, and with a faint suggestion of possibilities. He spent freely from what little he earned, and saved little. During those days before he met The Girl, if you asked him what success constituted, he would have said: "Success to me is partly money, but just as much so the happy faculty of being able to deal with big men on their own basis; to act with that poise and ease that money and success brings. To have a standing, a reputation. To have one's opinion asked and valued."

And these things Barton woefully lacked, for he was just an ordinary young man. In the presence of men only slightly above him in the corporation for which he worked, he was pronouncedly ill at ease, conscious of his own inferiority. He was the worm.

It was then that he met The Girl. According to all the standard laws on the subject, Barton should have been projected automatically upon the road to success, for The Girl was his mental, physical and personality ideal, such as he had entertained since his schoolboy days, but had never dreamed he would meet. It was, indeed, one of those rare coincidences, for Barton had written out on paper the delineation of the girl he wanted—and to cap the climax he had found the original of his specifications.

"Man realizes his Dream Lady." Here is the motive for an electrifying ascension into the heights of success. Let us see how it worked.

The first thing Barton naturally began to think about was the subject of marriage. Marriage required money, and it meant children. And that meant more money. Now, more than ever, must he hold tight to that tiny bit of prestige which three years of fairly faithful toil for a big organization had produced. To lose that intangible thing was to weaken his financial grasp on the dread future.

Of course it was the old story—that the married man is more afraid of the whims and caprices of fortune than the bachelor. And Barton had already in imagination taken upon his feet the shoes of a benedict, in his supercautious preparations against possible financial loss.

He became more humble and wormlike than ever. In his tiny department, the nature of which allowed considerable latitude in the way of organizing developments and working out creative ideas, he lost his nerve completely—what nerve he had ever had. He did not lose it consciously, of course, but he became in fact, nevertheless, spineless. Innovation meant to him possible demoralization of his little department, the calling of himself upon the carpet, the loss of his job and the precious three-year record of faithful service which he treasured as a miser hoards gold.

Thus it was that his department stagnated. And then it was that the spineless man, who could define success but who could never realize it on account of the damming back in a good brain of ideas which should have teemed for expression and translation into money for the firm, received the shock of shocks.

A succession of alarming symptoms which compelled him to consult several doctors caused him finally to wind up in the shop of a great specialist in medical diagnosis. The great man, after thumping him, testing him and making a genuinely thoro study over several days of the onslaught and nature of the symptoms, pronounced for him the name of a disease. Barton, with a catch of the breath, knew that a terrible pronunciatum had been made in his life, and with this slight information tremulously made special queries as to what the chances of cure or retardation were. The specialist, not knowing how much Barton knew, told him that the condition could not be cured, nor could it be attacked in any way known to medicine or surgery. Nothing could be done!

It was then that Barton, with set white face, went to the nearest medical library—something, perhaps, that he should not have done—and thoroly investigated this diagnosis. It was confirmed in the medical books. His sickness did mean death.

He went from the library and out upon the street. It was a sunny day. He leaned against a lamppost. He was very weak. He did not smoke a cigarette calmly as did the doomed characters in various lurid magazine stories he had read in his life. And a strange thought came to him: Why was he not acting as they? He felt very tired, soul sick, and so, so weak. He knew suddenly what it meant to be a trapped rat, and he suddenly seemed to glimpse faintly the answer to an old unanswerable question: What will happen when an irresistible force strikes an immovable body? People, in gay colors, passed him laughing in either direction, like great holiday streamers flowing into each other. A girl with a red coat passed by, and Barton half reached out his hand to touch it. Life had suddenly ceased to be life and had become a moving picture, a flow of unrealities on the screens of his dazed eyes, and while he knew he was only dreaming a dream he knew at the same time that the dream was never to be terminated by the sunlight of morning realness.

Of course it was no longer possible for him to hold his position. He never even went back. He had a few hundred dollars. He spent several weeks sitting on a bench in the park. She—The Girl—was out of the city. He must talk it over with her. He had withheld from her the terrible news.

Then it was that to him, idealist as he was, an equally terrible blow fell. He had written her only that a great tragedy had come into his life—that he was facing his black hour. He did not tell her what, reserving that for a face-to-face talk. Her answer came. It was brief. She had decided not to marry. His talk of his "black hour" had fallen into fertile ground. For it had reaped Desertion. And Barton's life, doomed to terminate in the most horrible of deaths, was crowned with the fact that he was brutally left alone in the shadows—for the reason that The Girl was a "Sunny day girl"—not a "Rainy day girl." Marriage might have been impossible, but at least ideals and constancy might have been saved.

He felt more tired and weary than ever now. He spent most of his time realizing that the three sisters, Clotho, Lechesis and Atropos, the mythical trio who spin the threads of human destiny, had knotted his thread and had clipped it off close to the loom. He made no attempts to see The Girl. He was enough of an idealist to know that desertion in the black hour was the blackest of crimes, and he was now too bitter to attempt to gain the acme of pusillanimity—a meeting with her.

And so his money, badly depleted by his doctors' visits and fruitless wild treatments prior to his seeing the great specialist, melted away as mist under the summer sun. And so it was that he became reduced finally to one suit of clothes, the cuffs of which were ragged, and one flannel shirt. No longer could he even afford carfare. He lived as a rat lives, devoid of hope, bitter, tired of a solar system so unstable that the Great Love—its Pole Star—must waver.

And then, driven to the wall, without further hope of either life or love, he began to have faint glimpses of what he could have done with his old position, had he then known what he now knew: that inside of a year the Grim Reaper would have reaped his harvest; that Barton would be where the disastrous results of all the innovations in the world could not ruin him.

He ran into his old employer accidentally. "I've had much trouble," he said simply. The other stared at him. A new Barton seemed to be evolving; one in whose eyes stood lights and shadows which no man could fathom. His employer mentioned that Barton's successor was not doing well with his position. He suggested, as one suggests to a servant or a beggar, half chidingly, half pitifully, that the spineless man come back and fill out his old position.

Barton laughed. The laugh was without mirth. "I'll come," he said. For he knew now that work would serve to banish from his mind the horror of what was to come.

He groomed himself as best he could, and appeared the next Monday at his desk. He gazed at his work as a man views the pseudo-serious happenings in a drama. These details—such as filled and made other men's lives—these were the playthings with which he was to amuse himself until such time as the jailer unlocked the door for the execution. And he fell to play.

But now the old play was too dull. He played with ideas. They helped him to forget. He played as a gambler plays for gold; but he did not realize that the man who plays with ideas is never gambling; results are too sure. And still another change had fastened itself upon him. He no longer was subservient, humble, to those above him. He talked to them as one talks to men across a card table. Likewise, to the vice president and to the Big Man himself of the corporation, he held a sneering man-to-man mien which said as plain as words: "You are nothing to me. And your money is less." He knew that no man's money could buy him more life, and they, recognizing in him a strange devil-may-care attitude, wondered—and respected him for it!

He lived each week on a lone ten-dollar bill which he took from his envelope which contained fifteen. The torn envelope with the remaining five he tossed back into a tin box which locked with a key and which he kept in his desk. He continued to play with ideas. They worked. They brought business. When those above him told him of the success of his ideas, very respectfully, he laughed a laugh which made them talk together in low tones. To himself he merely whispered: "And she deserted me when I was done for!"

The character of the nerve-racking pains which had assailed him for so long changed gradually. One day he ran across his family doctor. "I'm sorry to hear from your letter about Professor B.'s diagnosis," the latter said, "but I do want to say this: If you go a year, and"—he named a certain condition—"has not developed, then the diagnosis is wrong, and the condition instead of being—well—malign, is benign."

At the end of the year, however, the expected condition had not developed. It was then that Barton suddenly awoke to a strange fact. He was successful. His opinion upon every matter was consulted by the officials of the corporation. He was addressed by his first name, and he himself addressed the president by the latter's initials. He had assistants, whose salary he named. He was not to die now, for the year had gone, and the diagnosis, like thousands of others rendered by great specialists who are sincere enough, was proven to be again an error. And in his tin box were dozens of five-dollar bills, together with tiny pink envelopes which had been inclosed with the salary, and which he had never even opened, thinking they were printed slips saying, "Salary inclosed herewith, etc." These envelopes containing bonuses, starting with green fives, had risen to the point where they contained four and five yellow tens.

Today Barton has found that thing he defines as success. But he could not have found it until he was driven, not down, but literally OUT. This brought him to the mat, a fighting creature who was shorn of all the desires and fears and petty doubts which defeat men in their race. And he is happy—at least, as happy as a man can be who has had his trust in some one displaced, who has been deserted in his black hour and cannot find some one in his sunny hour upon whom to anchor his faith. This is the one unpleasant ending to the unusual story of Barton, the man who went OUT and UP.

The Editor.

* * *

A Bush Ranger.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE, the portrait painter, told at a club the other day the story of a Connecticut farmer who never would admit that he didn't know all about anything that might come up. He was never surprised.

"Wa'al," would be his invariable comment upon some striking incident, personal or otherwise, "I expected it."

Recently at a county fair he was invited upon the platform, and the magician after some manipulation extracted a rabbit from his flowing beard.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed his wife when he returned to the audience, "now you can't say you expected that."

"Wa'al—no, thet is, not exactly. Fur two days I been feelin' somethin' going on in them whiskers o' mine, but I couldn't quite make up my mind 'twas a rabbit."

* * *

Contained Good Things.

ON ONE occasion Senator Tillman was so much pleased with a speech he made that he printed it in pamphlet form.

"I congratulate you," Senator Bailey said, a few days after, "on that speech which you have circulated as a pamphlet. I happened to see one this morning, and it contained some of the best things I have ever seen in any pamphlet on that subject."

"I am proud to hear you say so," said Tillman, much gratified. "What were the things that pleased you so much?"

"Why," explained Bailey, "as I passed the Senate restaurant this morning I saw a girl come out into the corridor with two cherry pies wrapped up in it."

Amos Hopstone

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

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THRU my profession of genealogist I have met many strange persons, but Amos Hopstone was the first to come to me to satisfy the cravings of an unsatisfied vengeance. The moment he mentioned his name I turned to the H drawer in my card index. "Hopstone, Amos," I read there. "The last of the Hopstones. The entire line, except Amos, killed in the famous Gibsmith-Hopstone feud," etc.

"Well, Mr. Hopstone," I said, turning to him, "what can I do for you?"

I cannot give an adequate idea of the horrid appearance of Amos Hopstone. This man who, with his own hand, had killed twenty-seven Gibsmiths, bore all the marks of an unutterable villain. His coat hitched up in the back where it caught on the handles of two immense pistols, and a strange protuberance on his leg was caused by the handle of a bowie knife carried in his boot. His long mustaches drooped on either side of his mouth, and his jet black hair fell loosely from under an old slouch hat. His eyes glittered savagely.

"Maybe you can do something for me, and maybe you can't," he said, harshly. "I'm Amos Hopstone, and I'm the man that killed twenty-seven Gibsmiths in twenty-six days. That's one a day and one over, but it ain't the record. Old Sime Gibsmith killed twenty-nine Hopstones in twenty-six days. That's the record, but I'd have beat it if I hadn't run out of Gibsmiths. I thought, seeing how as keeping track of folks was your business, maybe you could look me up another batch of Gibsmiths."

"No," I said. "There are no more Gibsmiths. You killed them all."

"I reckoned so," said Amos Hopstone, with a smile that was half regret and half pride. "And that ain't all. I've used up all the Jimpfers—they was cousins to the Gibsmiths. I killed sixteen Jimpfers in twenty-two days. You can file the Jimpfers away with the dodo birds—they're extinct. And I've used up all the Ranbecks—they was second cousins to the Gibsmiths. And I've used up all the Newfiggs, and all the Praddles, and all the Hilums, and all the Nypers, and all the Doublegarths. I've stripped all them branches. Not a one left. What I want you to do is to look up some more branches. If I could get on the trail of a real hearty branch—one with thirty people in it, say—I'd have a try at old Sime Gibsmith's record. I'd try to kill the whole thirty in twenty-six days. Gibsmiths and relatives of Gibsmiths is poison to me!"

I did not much like the task proposed by Amos Hopstone. I disliked the idea of furnishing genealogical records merely that old Sime Gibsmith's killing record might be beaten. I told Amos Hopstone as much.

"All right, pardner," he said, "just forget that part of it. But you look like a man who would do thoro work when he took to it as a business."

"Mr. Hopstone," I said, "that is so. You are a man of discernment."

"That's right!" he declared. "I practiced discerning a long time, and I got so I could discern a Gibsmith or a Praddle as far as I could see one, and I can shoot as far as I can discern. 'Discerning an' Thoro'—that's my motto. If I've killed off all the Gibsmiths and all their relatives, I'm satisfied, but if I haven't I don't call it a thoro job. I want to be thoro."

He drew from his coat pocket a roll of paper and spread it on my desk.

"Here," he said, "is a list of all the Gibsmiths and all their branches as far back as the Revolutionary War, when Peter Gibsmith moved to Kaintucky. That's as far back as I can go alone. All I want you to do is to hunt up where Pete Gibsmith come from, and see if he had any sisters, and if any of them married into other families, and let me know, or if he had any brothers that——"

I stared at the name of Peter Gibsmith. After seeing that name, and the date of his birth, I would not have allowed Amos Hopstone to go to any other genealogist for anything in the world.

"Mr. Hopstone," I said, "I will undertake the research, but my usual charge for work of this character——"

"Now, Mr. Wilmot," he said, "that's one thing I wanted to talk to you about. I'm out of money. And up here in New York, where nobody knows me, it is hard to get a job. I thought maybe you could recommend me to a good job. I'd turn over to you every cent of my wages every Saturday night."

For reasons which you will soon understand I did not wish Amos Hopstone to get out of my sight, and I put my hand on his arm.

"Mr. Hopstone," I said, "I have the very place for you! I live in a boarding-house, but only last night my neighbor, Edgar Smith, asked me if I knew of a strong, attractive gentleman to do the work on his place. You do not object to the—ah—to the music of a cornet?"

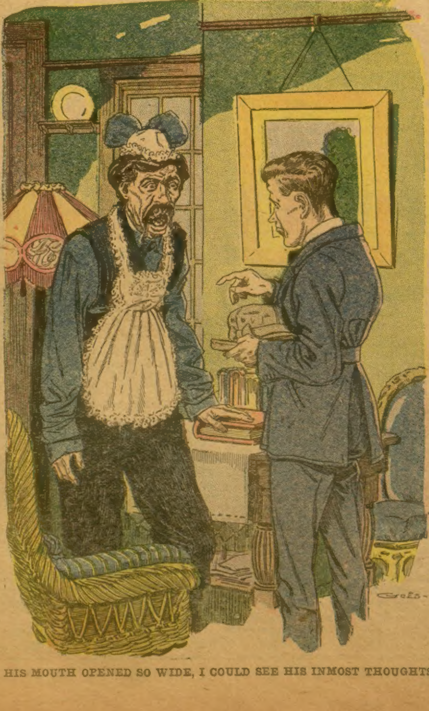
"I can stand it," said Amos Hopstone.

"Because," I said, modestly, "I often call at Mr. Edgar Smith's home and play the cornet there."

IT WAS thus I placed Amos Hopstone in the home of Edgar Smith. My name is Samuel Wilmot, and I became acquainted with Edgar Smith thru my professional duties. He came to me, in short, to have his genealogical tree dug up, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship rapidly, particularly as there was a most charming young lady in Mr. Smith's family—his sister, Kate Smith.

Mr. Smith was delighted to secure the services of Amos Hopstone. There was a great deal of work to be done about his place, and he had long wished to keep a horse, but his income was such that he could not afford to keep both a man and a maid servant, and he found it would be necessary to have either a maid who would also attend to the horse, or a man who would do the housework. Amos Hopstone readily agreed to this.

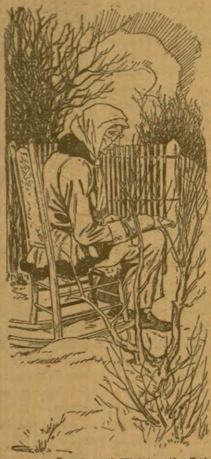
Amos Hopstone went about his new duties cheerfully. Whether he was in the stable currying the horse, or in the basement washing the clothes, or in the yard cutting the grass, or in the dining-room waiting on the table, he maintained a bright, optimistic demeanor, singing cheerfully or whistling. Mr. Smith sometimes wished Amos would not whistle while waiting on the table, but, after all, it is better to have a cheerful person about the house than a sulky one. He also tried to have Amos shave off his mustaches, but the most he could persuade him to do was to curl them. When this was done and Amos donned his white apron with the nicely ruffled



HIS MOUTH OPENED SO WIDE, I COULD SEE HIS INMOST THOUGHTS.

shoulder pieces he made a neat waiting-maid. Mr. Smith also tried to make Amos give up his pistols, because he looked strange wheeling the baby carriage with two great pistol-butts protruding from his pockets, but in this be was unsuccessful.

From time to time Amos asked me to hurry up my researches a little. He said the job I had secured for him was a good job, but it annoyed him, while currying the horse, to have to strip off his overalls, rush to the house, curl his mustache, and put on his white apron to answer the doorbell, only to find it had been rung by a peddler selling patent self-heating hair-curers. I told him I was proceeding as rapidly as possible, and thus two years passed. At the end of every week Amos Hopstone handed me his wages as he had agreed. His afternoons off he spent calmly, cleaning his pistols and sharpening his bowie-knife.


Grandma Smith Had Written the Letter in the Open.

As I have said, the Smith's home was brightened by the presence of a charming girl. She was full of life and vivacity, and an excellent performer on the mandolin, and while all the young men of the neighborhood admired her, she seemed to prefer me to any of them, because I am a cornetist in an amateur way. We often spent an evening together playing duets. It was, therefore, no surprise to Edgar Smith to hear that I had proposed to Kate, but it was a great shock to me when Edgar Smith absolutely forbade the marriage. And yet his reason was both simple and logical. While his decision almost broke my heart I could not blame him.

Mr. Smith's mother lived on a farm in New Hampshire, and my Grandfather Wilmot lived on the adjoining farm. For many years they were such good neighbors that when the pump on my grandfather's farm broke down he did not take the trouble to repair it. Every evening he led his cow across Grandma Smith's dooryard to a small brook that ran thru her farm, and there his cow took a cool, refreshing drink of water before retiring to rest. This brook water was slightly mineral, containing a little iron and a little sulphur, which gave it a peculiar taste, and the cow became so fond of this that she would drink no other water. Her calf inherited the taste, and so did the calf's calf. Thus it became absolutely necessary for Grandfather Wilmot and his cow to make the trip to the brook every evening, and in hot weather when a cow is apt to be especially thirsty, every morning, too, but Grandma Smith did not care, for a brook is not apt to be emptied by the efforts of one cow.

But all this neighborly good feeling ended suddenly. The original cow died, and her calf grew to cowhood and died, and thus cow succeeded cow for many years, but at last a calf was born that had an ungovernable temper, and this calf took a dislike to a red dress with white spots that Grandma Smith wore. Whenever Grandma Smith was in her garden this calf—now grown to be a cow—would break away from the hands of Grandpa Wilmot—who was growing feeble—and would chase Grandma Smith angrily. Several times she narrowly escaped with her life, and then she forbade Grandpa Wilmot the right of way to the brook, and thus it happened that at the very time I was pouring out my heart to Kate Smith on the cornet, and she was tremulously replying on the mandolin, Grandpa Wilmot and Grandma Smith were preparing to go to law about the cowpath.

Grandpa Wilmot contended that half a century of leading a cow and her progeny thru a yard constituted a permanent right to the cowpath, but Grandma Smith held an exactly opposite view. She therefore took her rocking-chair to her side of the hole in the fence and sat there knitting, while Grandpa Wilmot took his rocking-chair to his side of the fence and sat there reading, holding the cow by the bridle and ready to lead her to water the moment Grandma Smith moved away from the fence. When Grandma Smith was away he hastily led the cow to water and back again, and in this way the poor cow often secured enough water in one day to last for several days. Otherwise the poor cow would have died of thirst.

WHEN Edgar Smith learned that my grandfather was acting in this manner he quite naturally refused to let me marry Kate Smith, knowing that nothing but quarrels would come of it, but we two young lovers were frightfully depressed. I spent whole days at my window, facing the Smith's home and playing mournful tunes on my cornet, and at times my sorrow caused my mouth to tremble so much that I could not lip the cornet, and my tune would die in a soul-racking wail. My Kate was so sad she could hardly nerve herself to jiggle back a tune on her mandolin. Even Amos Hopstone's callous heart was touched by my weeping cornet, and time and again he got out his pistols and aimed at me from behind a tree, but his hand trembled and he never shot at me.

The happiness of the Smith home was gone. Kate wept almost constantly, altho her tears rusted her mandolin strings, and Edgar Smith was angry with both Grandfather Wilmot and myself. Even Amos Hopstone began to show ugliness. He seemed to think I should be digging up Gibsmiths instead of pouring out my sadness thru the cornet. His clothes were now all in rags, and as he still gave me his wages at the end of each week he was obliged to sell his two pistols and his bowie-knife that he might buy garments.

Kate wrote many letters praying Grandma Smith to sell her farm and come to Westcote to live, but Grandma Smith absolutely refused. She said she meant to sit at the break in the fence until the case was decided in the courts, which—with the appeals—might be twenty years. At length Edgar Smith went to New Hampshire himself, and there, altho it was midwinter, he found his mother wrapped in blankets, with a red knit hood on her head, still sitting by the gap in the fence. Every five minutes her maid brought her a hot brick from the house and put it under her feet, but the time passed slowly, for she could not knit with her hands in mittens. When Edgar Smith saw it was useless to argue with her he returned to New York and sent his mother a phonograph with which to lessen the tediousness of the days by the fence. But his thoughtful kindness was wasted, for after trying the phonograph a few times Grandma Smith put it away. She found it amused Grandfather Wilmot, too, while she had all the trouble of winding it and putting in new records. All he had to do was sit and listen.

"Poor Kate!" said Mrs. Edgar Smith when she heard the result of her husband's journey. "The poor child is pining away!"

"No fault of mine!" said Mr. Smith. "That young fellow's grandfather is making all the trouble!"

"That is true," said Mrs. Smith, "but Kate is so sad. She has not touched her mandolin for a week, and whenever Samuel begins to play the cornet she puts cotton in her ears."

"So do I," said Mr. Smith.

I WILL now make a confession. For over a year I had been concealing from Edgar Smith and Amos Hopstone the fact that I had completed my labors on the genealogy of the one and of the other. True, I hated to take Amos Hopstone's wages week after week, and I may have had no right to withhold his genealogy of the Gibsmiths, but I thought I was doing it all for the best. Now, however, I was filled with rage against Edgar Smith and all his kith and kin. If I might not be happy, and the Smiths might not be happy, Amos Hopstone should, at least, be happy.

When I rang the doorbell at Edgar Smith's house Amos Hopstone answered it. He was neatly dressed in a pair of cowhide boots, blue corduroy trousers, blue cotton shirtsleeves and a waitress' apron with ruffles. The improvement wrought on that rough diamond by association with one of the best families of Westcote was appparent at a glance, for on top of his neatly brushed hair he now wore a dainty cap with blue bows. He led me into the parlor.

"Amos Hopstone," I said, "I have good news for you. I have found the family connections of old Pete Gibsmith!"

Tears filled Amos Hopstone's eyes.

"Ah!" he cried with joy, "tell me the name, and I will exterminate it! Only whisper it in my ear and I will wipe it off the earth!"

"Smith!" I cried, watching his face. "The name is Smith!"

For a moment Amos Hopstone stared at me speechlessly. His mouth fell open so wide that I could almost see his inmost thoughts.

"Smith!" he muttered. "Smith! Why, there are thousands of Smiths! There's hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands of Smiths, and only one Hopstone left!" He began to weep. "I'm scared I won't last 'til all them Smiths is killed off."

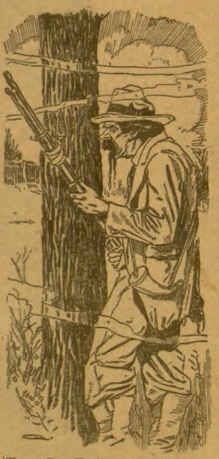
"Courage! Courage, Amos Hopstone!" I cried. "Do not let mere mass and number discourage you. With systematic methods you can accomplish wonders. Without systematic methods I should never have discovered that old Pete Gibsmith's name, was, in fact, Peter Gibb Smith, or that his father, John Gibb Smith, was the common ancestor of all the Gibsmiths and of your employer, Edgar Smith."

Nothing I could have said would have so quickly made Amos Hopstone himself again. He jumped to his feet, wild with avenging anger. He tore his cap and apron off and threw them on the floor with a gesture of rage. With a rapid motion of his hand he uncurled his mustache and mussed his prim hair.

"Hah!" he cried. "And them in this here house! I ain't got no gun, but I've got an ax!"

The thoughts that these Smiths, who had so long thwarted my love, would soon meet their fate filled me with unholy joy, and I was about to bid Amos Hopstone do his worst, when Kate passed the parlor door. As she passed she happened to see me, and the next moment she was in my arms, calling me her Samuel and clinging to me with all the love a mandolinist can feel for a cornetist of no mean ability. At that moment, while Amos Hopstone stood embarrassed by the sight of so much love, an awful thought came to me—Kate was, herself, a Smith! What had I done! I had doomed my one and only love to the fate of the Gibsmiths at the hand of Amos Hopstone.

"Stop, Amos Hopstone!" I cried, as he was about to dash from the room to find his ax. "Stop! Is this the patient, systematic method I advised? Would you go at your killing like a wild animal, dashing here and there, killing at random? Do not be a fool, Amos Hopstone! While you were exterminating youngish Smiths the oldest Smiths would die peacefully in their beds, escaping your avenging hand! Wait! Here is a list of all the Smiths now living east of the Mississippi and north of Mason and Dixon's line, beginning at the top of the list with the oldest living Smith. Take it! For the list I shall make no extra charge, but if you will accept the advice of a systematic man, you will begin your feud killings with the oldest Smith and proceed to kill them off in the order of their ages. Thus not a Smith will escape!"


"Every Day He Hides Behind a Tree Across the Road and Shoots."

Amos Hopstone hesitated, and I saw I had impressed him. He took the list from my hand. Luckily, Edgar Smith, his wife and my Kate were well down toward the middle of the list.

"One thing more!" I cried. "You say you have no gun. I have a gun. Let me aid you in your vengeful work by presenting you with a gun."

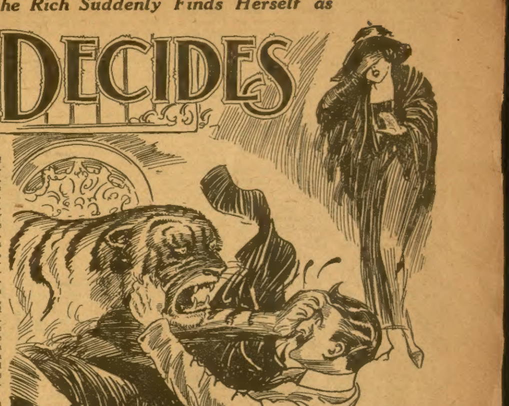
"Thank you!" said Amos Hopstone,

(Continued on Page 19.)

A Pampered, Spoiled Darling of the Rich Suddenly Finds Herself as

THE SULTAN DECIDES

BY WALTER BAIRD



[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

BONAVEDI, trainer of wild beasts, was a fop. He was tall, lithe as one of his own fierce pupils, and swart as an Arab. His black eyes glowed like stars.

No one, unacquainted with his calling, would have guessed it. Dress was a mania with him, but even so, he was quite unable to master its subtle arts. Gaudy colors seemed to exercise a mesmeric influence over him so that he lost all sense of harmony; his sartorial ensemble was generally as glaring as a crazy-quilt—a sight for gods and men.

Yannerton's "World's Greatest" in about everything under the shining sun, if its bill-boards were to be credited, had gone into winter quarters and Bonavedi, was busy. A large shipment of assorted wild creatures—including some lions and tigers, jungle-bred—had just arrived, so the trainer's work was cut out for him during the time preceding the blaring issuance of the circus in the early spring.

Bonavedi perspired and swore, wheedled and cajoled and, upon rare occasions, lashed out with his wicked whip. Snarls and whines greeted him; yellow eyes shifted uneasily before his resolute, magnetic gaze, as savage-hearted, dunder-headed felines learned by rote and association what was wanted.

Only one pariah refused to yield. Sultan, royal man-eating king of Bengal's impenetrable jungles, from the outset manifested clearly that he was not in sympathy with higher education. Sullen, when he was not raging, he would lie for hours in a half-crouch, his golden eyes fixed in fierce feline reverie, as if he visioned again the dim paths thru dense thorn-thickets which his huge feet so lately had padded. Upon the slightest provocation he would bang his great body against the bars of his cage, his long teeth bared by the savage grin of his red aws.

Bonavedi, recognizing an autocratic spirit, treated the tiger with respectful consideration. Sultan was too savagely fine to be permitted to travel with the circus upon his shape alone. It would require time to subdue him, but the trainer knew the final result would well repay all the labor. Sultan was an aristocrat, an individual. In the end, he would be a star performer, but, being a star, he had all of a star's temperamental vageries. Bonavedi knew this every time he glanced at the ugly wound in his wrist where Sultan's sickle-like claws had slashed him.

Once the circus manager complained because the trainer was not getting on better with the surly brute, and inquired nastily if Bonavedi feared to enter the cage. Whereupon Bonavedi promptly knocked him down and came so near to thrusting him into the cage with the tiger that the terrified manager begged for mercy. In many ways the foppish trainer was as savage and untamed as Sultan himself—in spite of his ridiculous finery.

IN A great house, set upon a hill, Cathering Channing was fighting a silent battle with her soul.

She was a beautiful woman, rather above medium height, with clear slate-gray eyes, finely modeled lips and chin, and a figure of exceptional perfection and grace.

At the moment, from its place upon her dressing table, a masculine face looked candidly from out its silver frame—a young face, whose good-natured mouth held just the right touch of virile strength. The wavy hair was brushed back from a good brow—that of a thinker as well as a doer of things—and a general atmosphere of confident courage seemed to enshroud her as she glanced at the picture.

She sighed as she caught up the photograph in her white, firm fingers, and the gaze she bent upon it was minutely earnest. Then, with a soft lingering little kiss upon the half-smiling mouth, she restored it to its place. After which she sat quite still and gazed abstractedly out of the window at a distant ridge of low, blue hills.

It would not be exactly fair to say that Cathering Channing was dishonest, but she was very selfish without realizing it. Environment and training were responsible for this. Her family was a wealthy one, and years of luxury had distorted her vision and her sympathies where others less fortunate than herself were concerned. The wretchedly poor she looked upon as a dirty and shiftless lot, and even the thrifty middle classes of hard-working folk held small interest for her. With her, money had come to be more or less its own excuse for almost anything; also, the ways of moneyed people. She found it difficult to appreciate any one minus the sterling stamp of the guinea—hence her battle with her soul.

Ted Garwood, whose photograph seemed to hold her like a living presence, had come into her life somewhat inadvertently; and, in so doing, he had unknowingly disarranged many of her preconceived notions of life. He was an engineer, handsome in his strong way, and very ambitious; but, as yet, possessed of no great quantity of the world's goods.

She had met him upon the golf course of one of the country clubs, and because of that coquetry which is inherent in most women, had shown him a certain graciousness. But at the time she had promised herself that their relations should never reach the point of seriousness.

Alas, for her smug rule of thumb, when she would have applied it to a little matter of heart-throbs! There came an evening when the big, bronzed fellow gathered her into his strong arms and kissed her so ardently that the real woman, hiding away beneath her acquired shell, came forth and responded eagerly, happily, as real women have been wont to do since time began. Tremulously, her lips met his, and, hesitating at first, then definitely, her arms crept firmly about his neck. And that same evening, when Garwood left for the West to take charge of a vast reclamation project, he carried with him her promise to become his wife—after ambition and hard work had advanced him a little higher upon the ladder of his chosen calling.

THAT had been a year ago, and now Cathering Channing sat in her boudoir awaiting the coming of another man; waiting deliberately, but without enthusiasm.

The other man, Carleton Emerson, bore the stamp of the guinea, and was supposed to be of "her own class and station." And this, together with his constant propinquity, had been able to cause her to break her promise to herself and to the young giant then engaged in blasting a way thru the eternal Western rocks. Not that Emerson had really won her—since to him she was destined to be as a beautiful bit of Dead Sea fruit, forever without tang—but he had her promise, and she knew its significance and shivered when she thought of the long coming years.

At last, after what had seemed to the girl an age of breathless waiting, the clang of the doorbell sounded below and she stood up, tall, splendid in her youth, but unsmiling, and prepared to go down. But she paused to give the picture on her dresser one last lingering glance, as one does who takes final, sorrowful leave of a dead, loved face. Then her face hardened, she dried her eyes of the tears which had for the moment blinded her and, a set smile upon her lips, went down the rich stairway into Carleton Emerson's arms.

"Stunningly fit as usual, Cathie, dear!" he man's greeting was apparently spontaneous and eager, but somehow she sensed in it the elements of repression and the worldliness of her own hard class. Emerson was faultlessly dressed and groomed and looked quite the man of fashion, but the feeling came to her as she drew away from him, that she would like to see how he would appear in overalls, earning his bread by the sweat of his smug face. How different, how very different, was the mechanical spirit of him when compared with that of the boyishly frank and ardent letter she had but that morning received from Garwood; the letter that even then seemed fairly to glow in its place of concealment in her bosom!

"We were to go for a drive this morning, were we not, Carleton?" she asked, abruptly; then added. "I shall enjoy it, the day is so wonderful."

The season was early March, with the breath of approaching spring in it. The bluebirds had come back, the grass was greening upon the south slopes, and the stirring buds upon the trees presented a hazy, yellowish sheen.

Emerson's car, a large, expensive one, rolled over the smooth streets like a wheeled palace, but its luxurious ease brought no contentment to the girl's wrought spirit.

Every time she glanced into the drooping eyes of the man beside her, she felt a tremor of distaste run thru her, and this feeling was accentuated by the touch of his flabby hand. What a weak, peevish mouth he had! And what a thin, unpleasant voice! She could not keep from making constant mental comparisons between him and the man she had betrayed; the man who was that moment striving—as a real man should—with forces befitting a real man's strength. Compared to Garwood, with his quick smile, his ready understanding and sheer, glowing power, the man whose wife she was to become seemed little more than a thing of pulseless wax.

Unwittingly Emerson led the conversation into channels in harmony with her thoughts, guessing nothing of the bitter self-reproach she was experiencing that moment. They had just passed a group of laborers, engaged in repairing a culvert, and Emerson, a sneer upon his pasty face, remarked: "God be thanked, Cathering, that our families are not of the sons of Martha!"

The complaisance with which he uttered the words, more than their snobbish tenor, stung the girl to a quick reply.

"And where, pray, would our precious families be but for the sons of Martha?"

Emerson glanced at her in some surprise. To his way of thinking she was not playing the game, and she had spoken with a fervor bordering upon bitterness.

"Oh," he said, with an expansive gesture, "I appreciate the workers, of course. We all do. But I can't help feeling glad that I am not one of them. All tommy-rot, you know—about the drone in the hive. Just why, in heaven's name, should a gentleman, to the manor born, soil his hands when there are so many others—mere ordinary mortals—to perform the dirty, unpleasant labors of the world?"

He held up one of his soft white hands and regarded complaisantly for a moment, then continued: "Moreover—I have always held the belief that we do not appreciate the social graces as we should; nor those who make our better social circles what they are."

In a voice strained and a trifle unsteady Cathering asked: "Those who 'go down to the sea in ships;' the vast armies that die gloriously upon battle-fields; the intrepid spirits who throw giant bridges across dizzy gulfs, tunnel under rivers, and sever the backbones of continents—these are the 'ordinary mortals' to whom you refer, Carleton?"

This time there was no mistaking the bitterness of her tone, and Emerson looked his annoyance.

"Don't let us quarrel, Cathering, my dear," he said by way of preface, for the peevish strain in him would not let it go at that. "You might have continued," he went on, "and enumerated the achievements of the structural iron workers. And factory hands, and coal miners—the whole lot of them. But I should still hold my same opinion," he ended nastily.

"Naturally!" The single word voiced such volumes that he shifted around in his seat and faced her.

"You talk like a socialist!" he challenged. "May I ask just what you are driving at?"

"True manhood, I believe," she replied after an instant, and she said it as if her own words came as a sort of revelation to her. But the next moment she was sorry she had spokeh them. After all, the man beside her was her own kind—because she herself was an idler, content to live the attitude he was so frankly voicing, even if she did not come out fairly and admit it. She was even more contemptible than he, since she had encouraged a splendid specimen of the very manhood she now eulogized, only to betray his trust in her most shamefully. With a sudden rush of feeling she placed an impulsive hand upon Emerson's arm.

"You—you must forgive me, Carleton! You know I did not mean that. I——"

"Of course I forgive you, dear," he answered with large tolerance, "but I cannot quite refrain from asking you to explain to me just why you said 'true manhood.' Do you not regard me—as a true man?"

She lied then, because she felt it unfair to hurt him by telling him the exact truth. "What a silly question to ask me, Carleton! Have I not promised to marry you? Surely you would not cheapen me by believing that I could contemplate marrying a man who was not a man—a real man, I mean? Let us talk no more of this nonsense, please. How beautiful the day is! It makes me want to be a gypsy, and just go wandering away forever and ever—over some trail which will never end!"

Cathering Channing had forced herself to speak lightly, but her soul sickened within her. By her own words she condemned herself. She was cheap! Cheap enough to accept a man like Emerson, whom she did not love, rather than break away from family influences and boldly batter down the wall of social distinctions and exactions which encompassed her. But perhaps, after all, Emerson was more of a man than she gave him credit for being. She devoutedly hoped so, since she was pledged to spend the remainder of her life with him, be the mother, most probably, of his children.

THEY rode on in silence for a time, but just as they were leaving the outskirts of the city Catnering's sharp eyes noted a number of low stone buildings, set like university structures upon a campus.

"What are those?" she started to ask, then she saw the huge signboard which was set up beside the entrance to the drive, and read aloud: "Winter Home of Yannerton's World's Greatest Circus and Congress of Rough Riders. Admission, Twenty-five Cents." "Oh, Carleton," she cried, "do let us stop and go thru it! I'd love it. I have never visited a circus, except when it was under canvas."

Mollified by her sudden graciousness of manner, Emerson promptly turned his car into the drive and a few minutes later they were wandering thru the stone house which was marked, "Carnivera."

One after another, they inspected cages of lions, tigers, leopards and divers other restless wild things which, however, eyed them, for the most part, in sleepy contempt. And then, idly chatting, they passed thru an archway into an adjoining building—evidently a late addition to the carnivera section—and empty except for some half a dozen cages arranged carelessly around its stone walls. No one was in sight, save an attendant engaged in repairing a tenantless cage, the door of which stood partly open.

This man gave them casual greeting, and explained that the few animals in that room were part of a lot undergoing training.

"Sort of a school, this is," he grinned, "and it's some school, believe me. But all of 'em learn—all but that big tiger over there. He's a bad one. Savage as they ever come, and too stubborn and bull-headed to mind anything. Mr. Bonavedi has more trouble with him than with all the others put together."

The attendant turned again to his work and presently, the repairs evidently completed, he slouched away, leaving the two alone in the building.

"What a splendid brute!" The tribute was wrung from the girl as Sultan arose at their approach, reared his huge striped body against his bars, and glared at them with yellow, unfathomable eyes.

"He doesn't look splendid to me," said Carleton Emerson, backing away a little as Sultan emitted a rumbling growl from the depths of his red throat. "Ana those bars—they seem ridiculously small and flimsy. I have a notion that if that fellow only knew it, he could spread them apart quite easily. Just notice his monstrous feet! And his claws—and teeth! Really, Cathie, he makes me a bit nervous."

"Nonsense—he can't get out. Don't you enjoy watching the lithe play of his wonderful body? To me he is beautiful. I should like to pet him—he is so like a big jolly housecat."

As if to give the lie to this slander, Sultan suddenly banged his hulk so hard against the bars that the cage rocked and jingled. At the same time he gave utterance to a ferocious roar which reverberated thruout the building and set its other occupants to snarling and roaring in excited sympathy. He ran along the inside of his cage to a point nearest where they stood, and there could be no mistaking the meaning of his fierce, yellow eyes.

In spite of herself, Cathering recoiled, and Emerson laughed uneasily. "Housecat, eh?" he said as they moved away. "Did you get the look the beggar gave us? If he could get out of there now——"

He never finished that sentence. Cathering, turning for a last look at the raging tiger, uttered a low cry of pure terror which effectually broke it off.

JUST how it happened no one will ever know for certain; but in some way, the brute managed to force the door of his prison and, when the girl turned, it was to see his great tawny head protruding from it, and to meet two yellow eyes fixed hungrily upon her.

And even as she looked, unable to withdraw her fascinated gaze, the tiger's huge paws shot out over the edge of the cage, his head descended with a jerk and he dropped lightly to the floor. He was out—free!

As one in the grip of some horrid, fantastic dream, the girl turned away from the awful, intent gaze of the tiger, and put out a groping hand in the direction of her escort.

"Carleton!" She breathed, rather than spoke the word, her hand moving blindly in its attempt to touch him, but not finding him she cast one quick glance over her shoulder. What she saw sent the blood flooding into her white face for very shame, notwithstanding her terrible peril. It was an unbelievable thing—almost bizarre in its significance. Carleton Emerson was just in the act of pulling shut the door of the empty cage into which he had frantically clambered!

For the space of a second, Cathering Channing, as if only half believing the evidence of her own eyes, gazed at him with a kind of horror in her glance; then realizing that she was now quite alone and deserted, she turned to face the menacing thing which was crouched upon the floor.

Tall, erect—a woman of marble—she drew herself up to her superb height and stood there—waiting. Her white face expressed her pitiful terror, but not an eyelash flickered. She knew instinctively, without being conscious of exercising actual thought, that the slightest movement upon her part would bring the beast in one sinuous, snarling bound upon her. So she stood still and met the animal's glowing eyes squarely, nor turned away her gaze even when the yellow discs seemed to widen in little shimmering rings—to widen—and widen—encompassing her in their hideous menace.

Cat-like the tiger did not come on at once, but crouched—red jaws parted in a grin of ferocious satisfaction, long back rippling with the quick play of tense, responsive muscles. From the cruel fangs the white slaver dripped as, craftily, hideously playful, this fierce king of brown jungle wastes stalked his prey.

And then Carleton Emerson, safely shut away from all danger within his cage, had the amazing affrontery to begin calling out excited instructions to the woman he had so cravenly deserted. At which Sultan, for a moment, lost his watchful poise of such terrible significance. He lifted his great head quickly and—the very incarnation of feline fury—sent one growling snarl in the direction of the sound.

"For God's sake, keep silent, you coward!" The white lips of the girl moved almost imperceptibly as she answered him, but not for an instant did her eyes leave those of the big cat.

A quick, jerky leap, and Sultan diminished the distance between them and crouched again, his long tail lashing slowly from side to side, his sinuous back humped now. The golden eyes were taking on a greenish glow. True to the instincts of a long line of jungle ancestors, he was playing with his victim and, at the same time, creeping close enough to make sure of his prey.

And thru it all the woman, statue-like, stood firm; nor flinched once while the seconds—tense, unreal—expanded into years, and the modern building of stone and mortar dissolved and became an Indian jungle, fanned by winds as toxic and lulling as the spirit of the mystic Orient.

Sultan shifted his position slightly and lowered his head, and his long striped body trembled as the rippling muscles hardened into bands and plates of steel.

THE girl swayed slightly for the first time as a nauseating terror swept her. The ugly thing was coming now. . . . She closed her eyes and tried to murmur a prayer, but her lips seemed turned to stone. She hoped the end would come quickly and shivered pitifully. She tried to think of Garwood, but desisted with a little moan. The brute would be upon her in another moment—rending her white, quivering body into shreds. Oh, God! God help her! It was coming. . . . It——

And then, decked out as ornately as a Christmas tree, Bonavedi stepped from between the cages—Bonavedi, the foppish trainer of wild beasts!

FOR one flitting instant, the dark eyes of the trainer swept Cathering Channing, then they flashed like stars full against the yellow glow of those of the ferocious, crouching, disappointed Sultan, as if their gaze was a tangible thing beating down the gaze of the brute! Then a quick step, a half turn, and he stood squarely between the girl and the big cat—Bonavedi, the resplendent—unarmed, even by so much as his whip!

"Stand perfectly still!" he commanded. Then surely, certainly, Bonavedi whipped out of his coat and swept it around in front of him as does the matador who bates the charging bull.

He was none too soon. The same instant Sultan—a snarling, hating thing—arose from the floor in a sudden, splendid spring!

What happened then will be told and retold for generations to come; told about winter firesides when blustery winds roar and during long summer evenings when shadows are about and winds are soft; told after "Yannerton's World's Greatest" is forgotten. But always in the telling the voice of the narrator will vibrate—as did the long, lithe body of Sultan, the man-eater, at that great moment!

A gaudy, foppish coat—sole weapon, in the hands of a man who knew his danger, but who dared; a pair of dark and kindling eyes which fairly met the yellow orbs of Bengal's fierce, marauding king; a snarl of savage rage which chilled the blood—then a horrible scrambling riot of man and beast upon the floor!

Cathering Channing screamed then—one long-drawn, piercing cry of pent-up terror—which brought half a dozen tardy attendants running. Then amazement at what she saw held her dumb. His dark face slashed by Sultan's claws until the red blood came down in a torrent to dye his ridiculous pink and green shirt a deeper hue, Bonavedi managed to stagger to his feet, still clutching the coat—in shreds now—in his swart hand.

The tiger crouched—grumbling in his belly over his first failure—and then Bonavedi did a peculiar thing. Stepping forward quickly he kicked the tiger squarely—heavily—full in his big, yellow face!

As well might he have kicked a Maharajah, owner of a thousand camels; as well the sacred head of the Sublime Port in the presence of his harem favorite. Sultan, the pariah, Sultan, the feline star-to-be of "Yannerton's World's Greatest," first looked his pained surprise, then—at a second kick—his fierce spirit broke and he whined, turned with tucked tail and fled to the only haven he knew—his cage.

Quickly a helper ran forward and slammed the door shut, and Bonavedi—victor just in the nick of time—sank weakly to the floor. It was in Cathering Channing's lap that he found his head pillowed when at last he opened his black eyes in response to the ministrations of the surgeon, who had been hastily summoney.

Later, as Bonavedi lay upon a stretcher awaiting the arrival of an ambulance, the girl moved over to his side, hesitated a moment, then bent her proud head and kissed him squarely upon his bloody lips.

"A woman's tribute of admiration and gratitude to a real man," she said simply, at which those who had gathered about set up a cheer.

"Cathering——"

At sound of the voice the girl turned and looked into the shifting eyes of Carleton Emerson, who had scrambled out of his retreat as soon as he saw all was safe, and who now stood before her holding out his white, immaculate hands.

"Cathering," he began again, striving desperately to regain his wonted poise and assurance, "you must recognize that there is a difference——?"

Her glance, cold, witheringly scornful, seemed literally to blast him into silence. "I do, at last—thank God!" she said meaningly. "I understand that you come of a sturdy, honest stock—one which you now affect to despise. That your paternal grandfather was a pioneer, a hardy trapper, a blaser of paths—but you——? Who are you? What are you? You coward! You—gentleman! You need not wait longer for me. You need never wait for me. Go——!"

Sudden anger born of shame for him overwhelming her, she lifted a quick hand and left the white prints of her fingers across his flushed face. At which, stumbling blindly, he turned, hesitated for a moment, then fled before the pitiless sneers of the onlookers.

IN A lonesome shack, perched high upon the rim of a far Western canyon, Ted Garwood sat staring at a telegram, unable to believe the wondrous news it held for him, and not a little puzzled. It read: "Am leaving to come to labor beside you, beloved, by order of the Sultan."

It was signed simply, "Cathering."

MARGARET'S TRAMP

By John Elkins

[Copyright.]

"MY GOODNESS! Margaret! When will you ever stop giving money to tramps?"

Mrs. Tyson's tone was not only remonstrance, it savored of exasperation.

"But, mother," temporized the girl, "it was only a nickel."

"Yes, but when I'm trying to save 5 cents on a pair of stockings, it does seem as tho you might think of me instead of throwing out money to every beggar you meet. But you're just like your father. If ever you get down to New York where you are so crazy to go, you'll be held up by tramps on every block, and the first thing you know you won't have money enough to buy a meal."

Margaret sighed a bit resignedly. There was no use trying to stem the tide of her mother's wrath. Presently she said:

"It isn't New York so much—it is what it offers. I can study art there evenings, and earn my living during the day—that's what I mean to do."

"Well, not with my consent. Here you are making about as much as any girl in town, in a good steady position, and you are not satisfied."

"No, I'm not," answered Margaret. "I'm getting nine dollars a week, and——"

"And you wouldn't get that as a typist in New York, and you'd have to pay out every cent for board."

"Yes, but you're going with me, and keep the little home down there," smiled Margaret.

"No," persisted the other firmly. "I've seen your father starve painting pictures, and watched him die of disappointment. I'm not going thru it again."

So Margaret said no more. She went faithfully to her daily grind, and spent her spare time sketching everything she saw, without instruction of any kind.

One day after she had returned from her work a man came to the door asking for something to eat. He was an elderly man, clean and respectable looking, and Margaret's sympathy was aroused.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I haven't any change, but I can give you some bread."

He thanked her, and glanced around the kitchen of the little home, as he stood at the open door.

"May I sit down a minute?" he asked. "I am very tired."

"Why, yes," said Margaret, motioning to a chair. Her mother was not home, and she even dared to make a hot cup of tea, and set out a plain but dainty little lunch for the man.

"I'm not used to begging," he said, "but I had my pocket picked at the station. I have come quite a distance on the train, and I must walk quite a long way to reach a friend."

His voice and manner were those of a gentleman, and Margaret looked wonderingly at him. She saw he had stopped eating, and was gazing at a little charcoal sketch she had pinned up on the wall.

"Who did that?" he asked.

Margaret admitted that she had. It was a study of her mother in the act of rolling out pie crust.

"Pretty good drawing," he observed. "But that right arm is a trifle out."

"Oh, then you know——"

"A little," he broke in dryly.

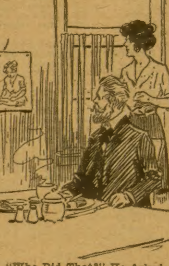
Then Margaret told him how she had never had any instruction, how much she wanted it, and somehow she found herself growing confidential about the dear dream of her life to this entire stranger. She asked him if he knew of Alton Faber. Oh, yes, he knew of him, and his pictures were pretty good. She told him Mr. Faber was a second cousin. He did not seem to show any great interest in the disclosure, but gave his attention to his cup of tea. As he rose to go he thanked his entertainer courteously, and the next moment was gone.

Mrs. Tyson saw the stranger as he went out.

"Who was that?" she asked. "I only saw his back."

Margaret explained.

"Well, if that isn't the limit!" cried her irate parent. "Entertaining tramps in the house!"



"Who Did That?" He Asked.

"But, mother, he wasn't a tramp!"

"Oh, that was a nice little story! They all have one."

Margaret took her scolding quietly. Just to have had one take an interest in her little sketch, to look at it as tho he knew, and to tell her where it was wrong was something worth all the trouble and nagging it entailed.

About two weeks after this Margaret received a letter bearing the New York postmark. It was from Alton Faber saying that if she would come and see him, bringing some of her sketches, he might be able to help her to study. A check for the railroad fare to New York and back was inclosed.

"For heaven's sake!" she gasped, "how did he know anything about you?"

Then Margaret confessed that over three weeks ago she had written to Alton Faber telling him of her ambition.

"Well, you just better send that money back," advised her mother. "You'll lose two or three days, and it won't amount to anything."

But Margaret was determined to go, and mentioned that the man had said Faber's pictures were good.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Tyson. "I see it all. You talked to that man about going to New York, and this is just one of those awful plots to lure you down there to your ruin. I should think you had heard enough about this white slave business not to fall into this snare. How do you know this letter is from Alton Fabor?

Margaret had to admit there was some groundwork for her mother's suspicions, and her heart sank. But she did not send the check back, and at last got her mother to consent to go with her.

Mrs. Tyson at once recognized her relative in his spacious studio, but Margaret stood speechless with amazement. She saw before her the 'tramp' she had entertained in her kitchen.

"You see," he explained, "I hate killing anybody's hopes—least of all poor Ned's daughter. I didn't mean to bring you down here unless I knew, so I resorted to that little ruse. I hope I'm forgiven."

Margaret's eyes with the tears trembling on the lashes were an eloquent answer.

"I want you both to come in that big house; there is nothing but a caretaker in it now, and Margaret can study with me."

So Margaret's dream came true.

The Woman Who Knew Fagk

BY
MARGERY
LAND
MAY

Read This First

CEDRIC CONINGSBY, legal guardian of his younger brother's estate, returned from the war after an absence of three years to find his brother,

BOB, in love with a widow,

MRS. DEAN, who did not know whether or not she really cared for Bob. Cedric undertook to straighten the matter out and got Mrs. Dean to refuse to see Bob. While calling at her apartments, Cedric encountered

CHAPMAN GRISWOLD, an unsavory character, whose name had been a by-word in New Orleans for years. He apparently had great influence over both Mrs. Dean and her sister,

SHIRLEY GIBBONS, who appeared afraid of him. Incidentally, while talking, Mrs. Dean, tho stanch in her denials, revealed the fact that she knew

ERIC BECK, a lieutenant in the British army, whom Cedric had known during the war. Cedric then wrote to him to find out who Mrs. Dean was.

This serial began in No. 41, the Ledger for October 11. Back copies may be obtained thru this office or from our agents and newsdealers.

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CHAPTER IV.

SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.

ALWAYS instinct with the desire to spring to the protection of the down-trodden, the slandered, the helpless, the oppressed, Kitty Drexel's insinuations concerning Mrs. Dean reacted on Ced Coningsby in such a way as to make him seek her out during the weeks that followed. He was distinctly conscious of the fact that he had not lived in New Orleans for the better part of ten years without achieving a reputation for integrity of purpose and stability of ideals. As a prominent cotton man he had, during the time of his residence there, been tested in divers ways and found not wanting. And it was with the realization that no one—not even the gossiping Kitty Drexel—would misconstrue his attentions into an attempt at amorous intrigue that he established himself as a friend of Mrs. Dean.

Approaching her in a desire to be of service, he soon found himself taking unprecedented interest in her activities. And so it was that he was not long in discovering that she made a fetich of doing and promoting charitable works, and that Kingsley House constituted one of the largest outlets for her energies. They were lunching at Galatoire's on the day that she asked him to give a lecture at the Athenaeum for the benefit of this institution.

"We need funds for our library and gym," she told him with that slow uplifting of her eyes which he found so appealing. "And Mrs. Bickham Stewart suggested that you might be willing to give a talk on your experiences in the trenches. Of course we don't want to force you to do it unless you are quite willing, but you're so well-known here and you saw so much of the war during its crucial moments that we know you'd be a great drawing card. Don't decide now," she added, seeing a cloud gathering on his brow. "Take time to think it over."

And the result of his thinking was just what he realized it would be when he saw that little shining appeal in her eyes. He gave a lecture at the Athenaeum.

That he did give the lecture was in itself inconsequential, if we leave out Kitty Drexel. On her, however, his action had a momentous effect. Long years ago, Kitty had had a fad for good works and an insatiable desire to have a finger in the Kingsley House pie. But since her enthusiasm had outweighed her practicability and her knowledge, she and Mrs. Bickham Stewart, guardian angel of the movement, had come to mental blows, with the result that Kitty had withdrawn from the realm of things charitable. The consequence of all this had been a marked antipathy on her part for Mrs. Stewart—an antipathy which passing years did not tend to erase. So it was that when Coningsby, after refusing to talk at her musicale, consented to appear before the public, and what was worse, allow Mrs. Stewart to introduce him, Kitty felt angry murmurings in her heart, and sullen and piqued, determined to "get even."

Very subtle, indeed, was the manner in which she took her vengeance. She found many ears ready to drink in her insidious prattle. It was really absurdly simple. With a snuggling little movement of her shoulders, and a shocked little look in her cornflower eyes, she would say:

"Hasn't Cedric Coningsby changed? Of course it's ridiculously plain, this thing he's trying to do. Any one can see that he tricked Bob out of Mrs. Dean so that he could have her for himself. Oh, yes, my dear, hadn't you heard? He persuaded her to close her doors to him, put the matter on altruistic grounds. For Bob's own good, was his plea. Oh, of course, I think it's just as well in a way, tho no one would accuse Bob of being stupid enough to want to marry a woman so utterly out of it. Why do it?" she shrugged her pretty shoulders. "It's quite evident that Chapman Griswold doesn't think it necessary—marrying her, I mean."

And, "Oh, no, she doesn't look the part. She's quite spirituelle, in fact, and altogether clever. But the girl—that sister of hers, Shirley Gibbons, who's set her cap for young Chetney—she gives the game away. She looks as if she were constantly in terror of something—as if she were afraid some one might reveal the dark history of their past. Oh, la, la, these women. They even persuade men like Cedric to stoop to trickery, because if you ask me, my dear, I'll tell you confidentially that I think Bob Coningsby has been badly used by that noble—" her crystalline laughter ran a little scale of bell-like notes—"brother of his." And so on and so on, to any one who had ears that were inclined to hear.

PERHAPS Coningsby would never have learned that his name was being passed lightly from tongue to tongue had not Hobson Chetney caught a bit of the gossip as it was on the wing, and then had come to tell Ced about it.

He dropped in on him one evening about 8 o'clock.

"I'm due at the Louisiane at 9," he explained, coming in upon Ced while he was just finishing dinner. "I thought I'd drop in for a pow-wow."

His attempt at nonchalance did not deceive Ced Coningsby. A glance at the overcast face told him that the visit had been premeditated, and that Chetney was experiencing some anguish of soul.

But Ced's words did not betray this. "Bully for you, Chet!" he said heartily. "I was indulging in doldrums here by myself. I'm awfully glad you looked in." He strode to a window, pushing the curtains aside. "It looks ever so lovely down there in my little court. I was just thinking of having my coffee served to me on one of those benches yonder. Won't you join me, Chet?"

"Oh, I don't care if I do," was Chetney's careless rejoinder, and so, with a few words to Jacques, Coningsby preceded him down the spiral staircase that led into the garden.

Ced Coningsby led the way to an iron-wrought bench sentineled by tall palms, and shadowed by the outspreading arms of magnolias.

"Sit here beside me, Chet, and have a smoke. Jacques will be down in a minute."

He offered him his case and for some minutes they smoked in silence, while the moon thrusting silver fingers thru the leafy boughs of the trees, wrought light upon them as they sat there. Then Jacques came down bearing a tray, and still, in moon-bathed silence, they sat sipping their coffee and blowing wreaths of smoke into the cool night air.

It was Chetney who, at last, flung a note of harshness into that silver placidity, that fairy-place of mystic fragrance and moonbeams.

"Ced," he demanded abruptly, jumping to his feet, "what do you think of Mrs. Dean?"

A chill spread over Ced's heart. That question, which two months ago would have quickened him but slightly with surprise, now filled him with a sense of coldness. At it his brows lifted in a startled flash.

"What could I think, but that she is a pure and noble woman?" he answered.

Chetney stopped abruptly and ran nervous hands thru his hair. "I suppose you know that almost everybody in this blamed old town has entirely different opinon of her than that, don't you?"

But the older man chose to be noncommittal. "And what is that opinion, Chet, old boy?" he asked.

The fierceness of his mood showed in the rapidity of his movement. "The opinion is that either she's Griswold's mistress," Chetney burst out, "or else he knows something about her which he's using as a hold over her to make her put up with his society. And the talk is," he faced Ced squarely, hands crammed in pockets, head tossed back, "that you cut Bob out with her so that you could compete with Griswold. Kitty Drexel started that tid-bit, if you want to know."

With gaze on the glowing tip of his cigarette, which, like a firefly, was burning a hole in the blue darkness, Coningsby's voice broke in: "And you believe these opinions, Chetney?"

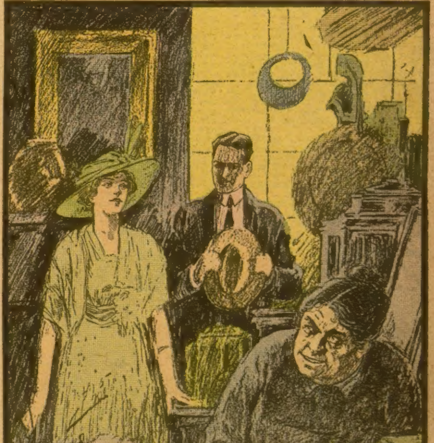
"God knows, Ced, I don't know what to believe. As far as I've been able to judge, Mrs. Dean is all that you think her to be. But I must admit that Griswold sticks in my craw. I don't understand how——"

Coningsby rose and went to him. Putting his hand on his shoulder he interrupted him quietly: "Isn't it wisest not to try to understand? Isn't it best to trust?"

Something in those calm, kindly inflections snapped the tautened string of Chetney's nerves. Like a little boy he bowed his head on the other's shoulder.

"But, Ced, I love her!" he sobbed out in a dry, thick way.

Again Coningsby felt that overwhelming chill of spirit. It was an emotion akin to that which he had experienced as he gazed on the dying face of his father. Something precious was about to be snatched from his life. His eyes lifted.



They Wandered Further Into Musty Places Where Rarities in Antiques Were Hidden.

"You love her?" he demanded.

Chetney's strong, muscled hands tightened about his friend's arm.

"I'm mad about her, Ced. At first I felt sorry for her. She was so young; so gentle; so appealing. Life—something seemed to have crushed her. It seemed to me that she was light-hearted and happy only wh were alone together. I got the fee that I wanted to protect her—to guar her——" His voice broke. Patting the convulsive shoulders, Coningsby said kindly, "I know, old man."

Chetney lifted a face, suddenly tired and sagged, to his. "Ced," he cried impassionedly "I'd give everything I own to marry Shirley Gibbons!"

Like a burst of sunshine after a winter of snow, relief and a strange, winged feeling of joy surged over Coningsby. His face a-glow with light, he gripped Chetney by the shoulders.

"Shirley Gibbons, of course! Well, why don't you ask her, old lad?"

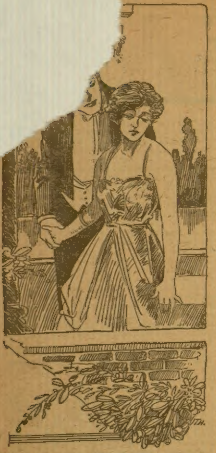
"But the talk? The gossip? It includes her, too, you know. And Ced," he added troublously, "she does act so peculiarly when Griswold is around—as if she were afraid of him; as if he knew something which she fears to have him tell—as if——"

"Oh, that," he snapped his fingers contemptuously, "for the talk and the gossip and Griswold, all flung into one! Do you love her?"

"God knows I love her."

"Then," he gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder, "marry her! What are we men that we should judge women? Why, Chet, look here," he planted his feet, far apart, slipped his hands in the pockets of his dinner jacket and gazed beyond him with a visionary look in his eyes, "if I loved a woman, I'd marry her even if I knew beyond question or doubt that there had been a time when she was not what we Scribes and Pharisees call 'good.' What's love for, Chet, if it's not big enough to accept the weaknesses as well as the strengths of our loved ones?

"God knows women throw the blanket of charity over us men when they consent to take us as husbands." He made an outflung gesture as if he would sweep the world's pettiness away. "Forget all this chatter you've heard. You've done things in your life for which you've



"And Did You Think What People Say Could Make a Difference?"

blushed, haven't you? And you'd think she was a very odd sort of person if she refused you on their account, wouldn't you? Well, then, be as generous yourself."

With shining face, Chetney sprang forward and gripped his hand.

"God bless you, Ced!" he cried. "You've helped me lots. I'm going to the Louisiane to meet her now. Excuse me, will you, while I run up for my coat and hat." He dashed across the court. Coningsby could hear him whistling happily as he ascended the stairs.

He could not have been long in finding that hat, for in a moment he was clattering down the steps and striding like a winged Apollo across the little court.

"Good night, Ced, you're a brick." He started towards the shuttered door which opened on Bourbon street. Then, retracing his steps, he paused at Coningsby's side to say:

"If I were you, I'd do something to stop Kitty Drexel's chatter."

The older man smiled gravely. "My dear Chet," he replied, "nothing can stop the tongue of a malicious woman, but at least I will promise you this: I will not disturb myself about what she has to say."

CHAPTER V.

"IN PERFECT PEACE."

BUT tho Ced Coningsby had said that he would in no way allow Kitty Drexel's gossip to disturb his peace of mind, he found it difficult to preserve this mental tranquility when he began to be cognizant of a coldness and reserve in Bob's manner. He first observed it one night when Bob, after spending an hour with him in his room, said, with an attempt at casualness:

"You care about your little buddy, don't you, Ced?"

Taking his pipe from his mouth, Coningsby drew him to his side with rough tenderness. "Well, rather!" he exclaimed.

Bob looked at him with a curious glint in his eyes. "And you'd do most anything for me, wouldn't you, old bean?" he pursued.

"By Jove, I would!"

Writhing from his clasp, Bob pushed his hat to the back of his head, and stood staring at him. "You'd always play cricket, wouldn't you? You'd never try to do me out of anything, would you, Ced?"

Ced was puzzled, but, for some reason, hesitant about asking the meaning of all these questions. "You're jolly right I wouldn't, old chap." He gave an uneasy laugh. "'In honor preferring one another,' you know." He paused, then, clinching his teeth about his pipe, asked: "Why?"

Bob lit a cigarette. "Oh, I just wanted to know. You used to feel that way about it." He made a droll face and added with forced lightness: "I thought maybe all the lionizing you've been receiving from the ladies since you've gotten home might have made you forget little Bobbie."

Coningsby accepted this explanation with a great show of believing that it was the true one. Going to Bob he lifted his hat from his head and set it back at a rakish angle.

"What stuff you do talk, old man. Don't let any one put such nonsense into your head."

Bob walked to the door. "Right-o!" he said. "I'll try not to."

BUT in spite of these assurances, there was from that night on a growing degree of aloofness in Bob's manner. Troubled because of the coldness which sprang like a cloud between them, Cedric endeavored to penetrate its mist. He took to dropping in on Bob at his rooms in the Grunewald, and to asking him quite frequently to play a round of golf with him at the New Orleans Country Club. Occasionally Bob accepted this invitation. More often he offered the pressure of business as his reason for declining, and in doing so he fobbed off questions in a way that made it impossible for a Britisher of Cedric's reserve to force from him an explanation of his sudden change of attitude. And the elder Coningsby worried about it until something happened which made him forget everything in the strong, fine passion of his emotions.

One day he had a late luncheon with Mrs. Dean at Antoine's.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked, after Francois, the waiter, had departed. "It's a most precious secret," she added with a smile which shone not so much on her lips as from the quiet depths of her eyes.

Ced responded with that odd little one-sided twitching of his lips. "You might try me," he said, bending over to strike a match to his cigarette, and to watch her reflection in the long mirror which lined the walls of the room, "I make a fetich of keeping precious secrets—really I do."

She leaned forward, with hands clasped on the cloth. "All right, then. The secret is this: Shirley and Hobson Chetney told me last night that they are going to be married."

Coningsby's brows flashed upward. "Really? Oh, I am glad. Chetney's a bully young chap. I know he'll make her happy."

A maternal softness invested her look. She bobbed her head. "Yes, I do, too; that's what makes me so satisfied about it. Shirley's a shy, dependent little thing. It makes me happy to see her so very much in love. They liked each other at once. I was hoping it would turn out this way. That's why I've stayed here so long." A dark brooding crept into her eyes, and Cedric, who was sensitive to all her moods, observed it.

"She's been ill, you know," she went on. "It was her nervous breakdown which called me back." But suddenly she stopped, rosy with confusion. She glanced quickly about her as if contemplating flight. "It's glorious outside," she said abruptly. "Let's get out in the sunshine and air."

Emerging upon St. Louis street, they strolled up to Royal and from there wandered across cobblestones and past dilapidated houses to the French Market. Here they stopped a while to listen to the amusing dialect of the market traders, and inspect their wares of game, and vegetables, fish and fruits. Then, with merriment, and an exhilarating feeling of comradeship, Coningsby insisted that she help him select a dinner.

"Oh, yes, but you must. I'm having a bachelor feast tomorrow, and I want you to help me get the things together," he said. "Anyway, for once, I want the feeling of being very husbandly and domestic."

That done, they wandered further into the picturesque environs of the Vieux Carre and, nosing into bookshops, and musty places where rarities in antiques were hidden away, they arrived at last at the shuttered entrance of the old, gingerbread-colored house in which Coningsby lived.

"Oh, what a lovely little garden!" she cried, peeping thru the iron grill of the gate.

Smiling, he produced his key. "Would you like to go in?" he suggested. "We can sit on that bench over there near the lilacs, and Jacques will bring us some tea. I'm tired, aren't you?"

She nodded, and so passing thru a tunnel-like arch, they entered that tucked-away spot of fragrance and sunlight and verdure.

"Do you know," she said, sinking down on the bench and resting her cheek on her hand. "I often think that these old French houses are symbolic of people's souls. They're musty and broken-down and worn when one sees them from without, but if one looks long enough, one discovers, beneath the ragged exterior, a flower-spot like this some hidden sweetness of soul." She sighed and let her glance rest appreciatively on roses and cape jessamine, on japonicas and camelias; on sweet olive trees and mignonette which now were bursting into blossom or swelling into bud.

There was a radiant wistfulness about her which made her heart contract painfully. "That's a beautiful idea," he said softly as he watched the play of light and shadow on her face. "There's hardly any one who hasn't nobility of spirit tucked away somewhere."

THEN silence came upon them, silence rendered more tranquil by the stirring of fragrance; by the whispering of a breeze; by the thrilling note of a mocking-bird flung like liquid gold thru the air.

Sitting there, a tender sense of melancholy laid hands on Ced Coningsby's spirit.

"I have thought for a long while now that there is something I ought to tell you," she said at last in a voice that he likened to the soothing touch of tired eyelids on tired eyes.

"Yes, and what is that, my dear Mrs. Dean?" he asked gently, thinking that as she sat there in the powdery gold of the sunlight there was a look of otherworldliness about her.

"You are being much criticised because you go about with me," she said bravely, meeting his eyes. Then, of a sudden, she hesitated, flushing softly. "I haven't told you before because——" she broke off, and with a restless movement walked over to the sun-dial, and, with hands placed on each side of it, stood gazing down.

For some seconds he sat drinking in the lovely picture she made, as, slim and alluring in spring-like green, she swayed there. Then, getting to his feet, he crossed over to her.

"And did you think that what people say could possibly make any difference?" he asked, smiling down at as much of her profile as her hat, large, and soft green like her frock, left visible.

"I didn't know," she murmured.

He covered her hand with his. "And you worried. Did you? Tell me."

She kept her eyes on the dial. "I could not keep from worrying," she answered softly. "I did not want to lose you as a friend."

He felt a quickening of his pulses. He was 35 years old and his feet had never walked the rose-strewn way of love. "And you will never lose me as a friend if you make me just one promise."

She looked up for a second, and then swiftly her long, curling lashes shadowed her eyes again. "What is that promise?" she questioned in those sweet, rich mezzo tones.

He stooped his head in an endeavor to catch her expression, but she turned her face away. "Promise me that you will never worry again. The talk only hurts me inasmuch as it grieves you."

He saw a tremor stir the slender, lovely form. "You're very kind," she said.

He smiled. "Not kind. Only intuitive enough to recognize that which is pure and gracious when I see it." He took a step away, and, with arms folded, stood gazing at her. "Do you know what you make me think of when I see you standing there?"

She made no answer, but with lifted eyes seemed to be seeking that far-off region of spiritual things.

"You make me think of a painting I saw in the Louvre," he said, his eyes clinging to the delicate, luminous profile. "I forgot who did it, but it was a picture of a woman in a garden. She, too, was dressed in flimsy, clinging green such as you wear now. She, too, was standing near a sun-dial." He paused. "There was sunlight about, and hovering over her head was a butterfly, a white butterfly, I remember. Her eyes were lifted as yours are, and on her face there was a visionary look, a glow." His voice suddenly grown tender, he took a step towards her. "The painting was called 'Purity.'"

"And do you know what I think of when I talk to you?" she asked, eyes uplifted.

"Tell me. Do!" he urged.

A shining light spread on her face. I think of those lines from Isaiah: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee because he trusteth in Thee.'" Her head drooped. "It seems to me that you possess that sort of peace because your mind is stayed." Like music the gentle voice struck a note of sweetness, then fell.

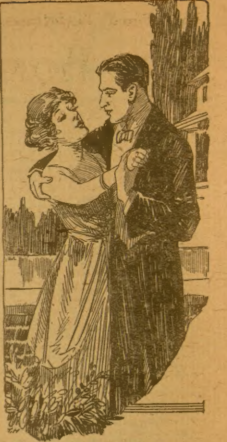
He stared. Suddenly a great light broke within him. It was then he knew that he loved her.

CHAPTER VII.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BUT he did not tell her at once of this love. He wanted to steady himself for its immensity of joy—to attune his spirit to its sweetness before he laid it at her feet like frankincense and myrrh. An unsuspected poetic strain within him made him want to await some quietude of moment in which to reveal to her that which, like a ruby, was glowing in his heart. He pictured himself in her sitting-room, that charming spot of soft lights and cool shadows, that place which her presence pervaded like the breath of a precious perfume. He pictured her at the piano; saw the flitting of her hands as they brought forth a wistful blending of chords; imagined himself bending over her as she looked at him, delicate nuances of feeling flashing from her eyes. Standing on Mount Pisgah, his very soul hoped forward to a great and requited affection as his Promised Land, and, in reverence of spirit, he let his imagination play about the hushed solemnity of that moment when he should declare his love.

But it was violence, not tranquillity, which wrung from him that declaration. It was on a Friday night that he and Mrs. Dean planned to do the Tulane Theater together and afterwards motor out to the Yacht Club for the dance that was given there on that evening every week.



"You Wonderful Bit of a Woman."

Arriving at Mrs. Dean's apartment at 7:30 o'clock, he gave his coat and hat and cane to the maid, and then, as was his custom, he strolled in the direction of the sitting-room to await her there. But he had hardly reached the threshold when, aghast, he stopped. Before his eyes he saw two writhing, struggling figures. The man was Chapman Griswold; the woman, Mrs. Dean. Roughly he grasped her, while with hand against his mouth, she fought silently, desperately against the Caliban in him, the passion-torn beast that was on fire to kiss her.

In a flash, Coningsby saw that struggle of the strong against the weak. Then, with an oath, he gave a panther-like leap forward; twined his long arms about that wiry, twisting form; jerked him by the collar, and lifting him in the air, flung him across the table to the floor.

"D—n you, Griswold!" he snarled, prodding him with his foot, "what does this outrage mean? I'm going to kill you!" Jerking him to his feet, Ced lunged forward as if to strike again, when he felt a palliative, pleading touch on his arm. He wheeled about, jaw squared, eyes shot with fire.

Lovely as an angel, she faced him, bosom heaving, hands on heart.

"Don't, please!" she begged. "He's going now."

Griswold, his face livid with rage he dared not reveal, was endeavoring to affect an air of nonchalance as he straightened his battered collar. That he had been made to appear ridiculous infuriated him more than any blow could have done.

"You see," he uttered thickly with an attempt at the cool and the suave, "the lady, whom you so valiantly rescued, pleads for me. Had it occurred to you, Coningsby, that your interference might be not only uncalled-for, but objectionable?"

Fists clinched, Coningsby glowered down at her. "Tell him to go," he commanded harshly; then, in rising tones, "I said, tell him to go."

Her eyes drooped. "Go, please," she said, appealing to him rather than commanding.

With a certain elegant precision, Griswold crossed to her side. "I will see you tomorrow, Mrs. Dean?" he asked. "You will of course keep your engagement to lunch with me at Begue's?"

"Yes, I will keep it."

Griswold gave a bow of mocking punctiliousness. "Thank you, and now, since I seem to be in the way, I will say good evening."

These words between Mrs. Dean and the man, who but a moment before was brutally attempting to kiss her, did not fail to register themselves on Cedric's mind. But so tense was the urge of his own emotions, that he thrust them aside as something to be reckoned with later, and hardly had Griswold stepped out of the room when he strode towards Mrs. Dean.

"Angelique, my dear!" he cried, "I love you." Gently his hands fell to her shoulders. He drew her near. "I love you, and with all my heart I want to protect you from such cads as he. Marry me! Let me care for you. Let me make you happy!"

She swayed against him till he felt the soft yielding of her body in his

(Continued on Page 21.)

The Third Installment of

The Box of Bewilderment

By Harry Stephen Keeler

The Story Up to This Point

CARR HALSEY, a special newspaper writer, enjoyed part of his income from inherited stock in the Eastern Electric Company.

ROGER HALSEY, his uncle and the president of that company, sent him a letter advising him to call immediately. But, arriving at the office,

BABSON, the seedy old doorkeeper, informed him that a sudden appointment was keeping his uncle. Carr Halsey strolled down the street and, to pass away the time, dropped into an auction being held by the Pacific Express Company. There he bought for $5.60 a wooden box which was being sold for charges and which had been unclaimed for five years. His uncle later explained that

ALEXIS ORSKI, a Russian electrical expert, who had come over to the United States years before and had founded the Consolidated Electric, a rival concern, had gradually secured 49 per cent of the stock in the Eastern Electric, and was trying desperately, by advertising, to get hold of an additional 1½ per cent held by

CLIFFORD HEMINGWAY, a former student at the University of Wisconsin, who was supposed to be in Chicago. Carr Halsey, anxious to help, offered his assistance. He went over to his office, where he opened his "Pig in a Poke" and found a bottle of blue liquid with a label reading Mazora-Ikeuna. From there he went home to his rooms. No sooner did he arrive there than he was visited by

MR. T. SUMIKO, a Japanese gentleman, who appeared to be old and ill, yet young at the same time. The latter gave a most unconvincing story about his rightful ownership of the bottle. Halsey agreed to have it for him next morning at 9 o'clock. When Mr. T. Sumiko left, however, Halsey found that a white card which he had used to delineate the lettering on the bottle's label and thus prove his ownership, bore the name of no one else than Clifford Hemingway, the key to the control of the Eastern Electric Company and his own income as well. Puzzled, he took the bottle to his friend,

WENDELL PROCTOR, a chemist. When he returned to his rooms on Tower Court he met a young lady,

MISS LORIS, to whom he rented a room on behalf of his landlady. That same afternoon **Miss Loris** was knocked unconscious by a bearded man who was evidently after the bottle now standing on Halsey's table by the window; the bearded man made good his escape without obtaining anything. After securing a physician, Halsey hurried to Proctor's laboratory, and there found that at exactly nineteen minutes to three Proctor had been killed. The sample of blue liquid was hopelessly spilled in the scrimmage. And on the floor the dying man had written a few mysterious words concerning the missing Clifford Hemingway.

This story began in No. 40, the Ledger for Oct. 4. Back copies may be obtained from our agents, this office, or from newsdealers.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE DISC OF BRASS.

HALSEY'S startled reflections were broken into by the crowding into the laboratory of four men, one of whom was a big stout individual radiating authority of some sort, one the Swedish janitor in his striped jumper, one a slight lad whom Halsey remembered from earlier that day as the elevator boy, and fourth a blue-coated, brass-buttoned police officer.

All four men stopped momentarily over the threshold, each one's face stupidly taking in the grewsome scene. Then the policeman broke the tableau by hurriedly crossing the intervening space, stooping over, and touching the flesh of the dead man's neck with the tips of his fat fingers. He stood erect. "Dead, all right," he announced. "Dead for an hour or more at the least." He turned to the Swedish janitor. "This the man," indicating Halsey, "who sent you downstairs?"

"Ay see heem go up by me, dan he com' rushing down an' he say 'Gat your boss or somebody. Dere's a man murdered upstairs.' An'——"

"That's correct," corroborated Halsey quietly. "Mr. Proctor was doing some analytical work for me. I brought him a chemical specimen at about 1:30 this afternoon, and he told me to return around 4:30. Here I am and" (he pointed at the still body on the floor), "and there he is, murdered in cold blood."

The big man at this point spoke up. "I'm the agent of the building," he said "What time did you leave him this morning?" He watched Halsey queerly, an unfathomable something in his big bulbous eyes.

A slow red rose in Halsey's face. The tone of the question made him feel, somehow, as tho he were on the grill. But he answered promptly: "I came up at one twenty-five or so, and left in the elevator ten minutes later." He pointed to the lad near him. "In fact, that's the boy who ran the car."

The lad corroborated this statement. "That's right, Mr. Royce. I directed him to the laboratory, and took him down a little while later. That was my last trip, for the car broke down as I was goin' to make the next one up. While I was phonin' the elevator company I seen Mr. Proctor leave th' building. An' since then I've been down in the basement helping the mechanics on th' machinery."

"Proctor was just getting ready to run out for a bite of lunch when I left," put in Halsey.

The big man nodded his head slowly. "I see." He turned to the officer. "A dirty job to happen in Bush Temple," he commented. "What do you make of it, officer?"

The other had had his notebood out for some seconds and was busily entering various details with the stub of a pencil. "One thing certain," he retorted. "There was a hot struggle here." He pointed at the clock awry on the wall; at the smashed test-tubes and retorts, the scattered bits of paraphernalia, the stream of blood spots. He bent down and with his fingers felt around the skull. He nodded slowly. "Skull smashed in with the blow of something heavy. Took place right over there near the clock, for that's where he dropped. He yanked off the pendulum as he fell. Crawled this far, and then a blood vessel burst and finished him." He made an entry in his notebook. "Time he was struck was 2:41, if the clock was right. That's a question, tho."

"It's no question, officer," put in Halsey emphatically, "for I looked at that clock when I was here the first time today. It was right with my watch, and my watch is correct to a second."

The five living men in the room stood silent, each one looking about the place with a mixture of curiosity and horror. Suddenly the big man's moving gaze stopped, and he walked gingerly over toward the laboratory itself, where the heavy pestle stood poised on the very edge near the wreckage of the test-tube of Mazoru-Ikeuna. He scrutinized it carefully. "Have a look here, officer. What do you make of it?"

The bluecoat went over to where he stood. Halsey followed and stood at their shoulders. The big man was pointing at the head of the pestle. "Note those two curly black hairs stuck tight on the head of it," he directed. He turned and pointed to the dead man on the floor. The latter's head of curly hair was jet black. "There's the weapon that smashed his head, all right, all right."

The officer leaned over and studied the hairs carefully. Then he went back and looked down at the dead man's head of hair. He turned to the working shelf. "You're right," he commented.

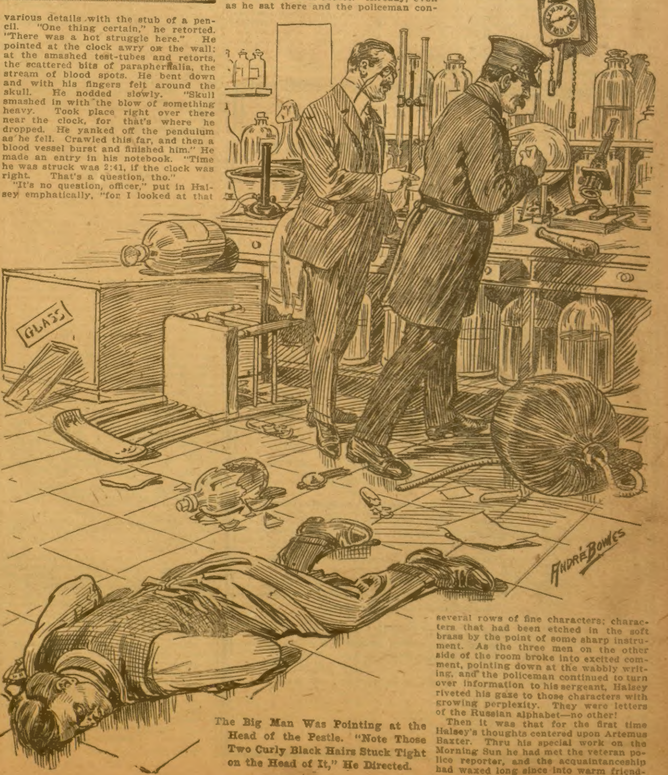
Whereupon he removed the two hairs carefully and laid them between two blank leaves in the end of his notebook.

He stepped to the telephone on the wall. In a moment he was talking to Chicago avenue station, across the street from Bush Temple. "Send over some men, sergeant," Murder right across the street from the station. The Proctor laboratory, sixth floor in the Bush Temple."

HALSEY in the meanwhile had dropped into a chair. In the swirl of surprising events his grasp of matters was still more or less feeble. Already, even as he sat there and the policeman continued to talk to his superior officer, Royce the agent was pointing down at the handwriting on the white tile, and both the Swede janitor and the elevator boy were drinking it in. As he sat and wondered dumbly what interpretation the law would be able to make of that bewildering feature, his foot, thrust back of him under the chair, came in contact with something hard, metallic and small. Like a flash he leaned over and thrust back his hand. His fingers closed on something that lay directly in the shadow of one of the chair legs. As he brought it forth, he saw that it was a thin round disc of metal, perhaps an inch and a quarter in diameter. The greenish-yellow color and the crudely smoothed edge showed only too plainly that it had been cut from sheet brass, and as he turned it over in his fingers he became aware of several more puzzling features. The first side had held a bright polish; the second side was dull and rough. And on that same unpolished side a miniature safety pin had been fastened with a drop of solder, indicating that the disc itself was intended to be worn as a medal or badge. That this had been the case and that it had suffered forcible detachment from some one's clothing was plainly borne out by a tiny shred of woolen cloth hanging from the simple pin mechanism.

A brass medal! Halsey bit his upper lip, dumfounded. He flipped the disc over in his fingers again and this time found something which had escaped his attention at his first brief glance at the polished side. The area included in the imperfect periphery of the circle bore several rows of fine characters; characters that had been etched in the soft brass by the point of some sharp instrument. As the three men on the other side of the room broke into excited comment, pointing down at the wabbly writing, and the policeman continued to turn over information to his sergeant, Halsey riveted his gaze to those characters with growing perplexity. They were letters of the Russian alphabet—no other!

Then it was that for the first time Halsey's thoughts centered upon Artemus Baxter. Thru his special work on the Morning Sun he had met the veteran police reporter, and the acquaintanceship had waxed long since into warm friend-



The Big Man Was Pointing at the Head of the Pestle. "Note Those Two Curly Black Hairs Stuck Tight on the Head of It," He Directed.

ship. He recalled dimly Baxter's brilliant detective work on some old murder case laid on one of Chicago's most aristocratic streets, at a time when they had only a nodding acquaintanceship with each other and he recalled how the other man had always refused to discuss the matter even since they had become friends. But that recollection was enough. He decided on the spot that Baxter should have the first chance to try his hand at this strange case which seemed to involve everybody and everything of a bizarre nature. He slipped the brass medal in his pocket and stood up.

"Halsey, Carr Halsey, of 810 Tower Court, is my name," he asserted. "I'm with the Morning Sun—special article work. Any time you want me you can get me either at my address or thru the paper. If you're willing I'll go on now. There's nothing more I can do, I guess. He fumbled in his pockets and tendered one of his cards.

The bluecoat scrutinized it. "All right," he said curtly. "I guess you can go. You'll be sent for if anything needs to be corroborated."

So, with one last look at his dead friend, Halsey left the laboratory, and with his head in a whirl trudged the long distance down to the main street. Outside he lost no time in getting into a nearby telephone booth. There he rang a number he had rung many times in the past. Baxter's voice itself answered the 'phone.

"Artemus, this is Carr Halsey."

"Why——" the other man began, but Halsey interrupted him:

"There's been a murder in the Bush Temple, Artemus, Sixth floor laboratory. The man that was killed was a close friend of mine. There's a whole host of mysterious circumstances about it. Likewise I happen to know a few facts that no one else knows and I'm thinking that if you want the inside track for a big story for the paper you'd better chuck everything and come to my rooms this evening. I'll have all the strange details ready."

"I'll come, Halse," said the older man. "I was just leaving the office when you rang. Bush Temple, you say? Sixth floor laboratory? And you're still across from the Square?"

"Same old place: No. 810. You've been there before, old man. What time shall I expect you?"

The other paused, evidently consulting his watch. "I'll be at your place at 8 o'clock. O. K.?"

"I'll be waiting for you," returned Halsey relieved. And he said good-by and hung up.

OUTSIDE in front of the drug store he fell to reflecting on the strange tangle of affairs, trying desperately to construct some solution of them. Now for the first time in the last quarter hour he found that he could think with some degree of clarity. One thing was certain, indisputable. Miss Loris, the victim of near-murder on Tower Court, had herself been a visitor to Proctor's laboratory some time previous to half past 2, when he had found her waiting on the steps of his rooming-house. The heel indentation and the ornamental depression on the piece of refractory lining in his pocket were enough to draw her into most unpleasant complications if he should turn it over to the Chicago avenue station, together with the facts in his possession. Over him swept a feeling that he could not formulate into words. Was she a clever girl sneak thief supplied with a traveling bag, clothes and a time table, and hired by some one to steal the bottle of Mazoru-Ikeuna from the house on Tower Court? At any rate—and he brought his lips together into a tight hard line—her trip over to Tower Court was not the result of any chance hunt for lodgings. The doctrine of chances served to disprove that utterly.

But if she were an agent sent merely to get her hands on that bottle, who was the man who had struck her down and nearly murdered her in order to get it himself? In fact, if his suppositions were correct, there were two sets of people who were after it: those whom she represented, and those whom the big man with the brown goatee and mustache represented, assuming that he was a representative and not the principal. But where did the Jap come in? Was he the agent of a third party? Were there three sets of people trying to get their hands on the Mazoru-Ikeuna? And who killed poor Proctor, the innocent possessor of a few ounces of the fatal, oily blue liquid?

From these startling deductions his thoughts traveled again to the writing on the white tiles of the laboratory: Proctor's last words before a blood vessel had burst and he had dropped unconscious and died on the floor: Clifford Hemingway . . . under name of Clifford. . . . Was it possible that that message was Proctor's dying information concerning the identity of the man who had brought about his own death? At any rate, the missing Clifford Hemingway, the key to the Eastern Electric stock tangle, was in Chicago under the name of Clifford—what? Only the Jap who was to call for the bottle the next morning could tell.

His fingers touched the cold metallic surface of the medal in his pocket and he drew it forth. Strange! It was flat and crude. It was brassy. The Russian characters upon it were etched in rather roughly, as tho by improvised tools. And yet in spite of all this it held about it an air such as only craft jewelry holds; the air that more than mere labor had gone into the making of it.

What did those characters convey? That was now the big question. Of all the clews left in the struggle as to the murderer of Proctor, this was undoubtedly the biggest. He thought hard on the matter. Artemus Baxter would be at his room that evening and he knew that if he intended to present to the veteran newspaper the full baffling facts of the strange case, he should devise some means at once for securing a translation of those characters.

And standing there thinking on the matter a most surprising idea came to him; an idea which fascinated him the more he thought upon it and which brought a grim smile to his face. He had heard of the old adage of killing two birds with one stone, but never remembered a situation in his life wherein such an exact opportunity presented itself; an opportunity to secure both a translation of the Russian characters, and to meet face to face no one less than the crafty Orski, president of the ravenous Consolidated Electric.

He spun on his heel and went back into the drug store for the second time, where he consulted the telephone directory. In short order he discovered that the Consolidated Electric held forth on the sixth floor of the Ashland block, just the other side of the river. Whereupon he left the pharmacy and boarded the first Clark street car, still bearing on his face the shadow of its grim smile as he thought of the venturesomeness he was about to display.

Ten minutes later he was entering the tall Ashland block, at the busy corner of Clarke and Randolph. He went straight to the sixth floor and leaving the elevator found himself face to face with a whole series of ground-glass doors representing various departments of the huge Consolidated Electric Corporation. He soon saw, as he made his way along the marble corridor, that they evidently had the whole floor.

Shortly, however, he came upon the information he was searching for. It read:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
Private.
Mr. Orski.

He turned the handle and walked in. He found himself in an office arranged not unlike that of his uncle's private suite. To the left ran a narrow corridor that seemed to enter into a great room which from this point gave only a fragmentary glimpse of clerks, stenographers, office boys, adding machines, and draughting boards. Here in this room, tho, there was only the customary outer wooden railing, a stretch of polished hardwood floor back of it, and at the rear the ground-glass doors to two private offices. Instead of a gloomy Cerberus such as his uncle possessed, a pretty little blonde office girl sat at a table inside of the wooden railing.

She looked up as he entered. "Is President Orski still here?" Halsey asked, for he realized that the office hours must be nearly over.

She glanced dubiously back toward the left cage on which a shadow was cast by its lone occupant. The right was obviously empty. "Mr. Orski told me that he could see no one for the rest of the day," she informed him pleasantly. "He has been closeted with people the whole day and is just about to leave for home."

"I wanted to see him only about two minutes," said Halsey firmly but genially.

She thrust a tablet of paper toward him. "Then just write out your business here, if you will. Those are Mr. Orski's orders."

A tired man—a man who has not been out of the cramped confines of his office the whole day—is likely to refuse an interview to even the President of the United States, Halsey knew full well. So he saw that he had better state his errand concisely and interestingly. Poising the pencil above the pad a second, he wrote hurriedly:

> As a Chicago newspaper man of some standing I take the great liberty of requesting a brief favor from a Loop business man of high standing. If you would oblige the undersigned with a translation of these few Russian characters by virtue of your conversance with that language, you would confer a great favor upon: "SPORTFELLOW,"
> of the Morning Sun.

He handed her back the pencil and pad. Then he inserted his fingers into his vest pocket and withdrew the crude brass disc he had picked up at the scene of Proctor's murder. "Just hand him this short note and this article," he directed, "and I'll wait."

She rose, and with the medal and the note in her hand went back to the ground glass cage. She opened the door. Halsey, sitting outside of the wooden railing, caught a glimpse of a man leaning back in his swivel chair with a telephone receiver to his ear, and the portable instrument itself to his lips. His hasty glance showed a face heavily covered with neatly trimmed black hair, black mustache and black vandyke beard. A pair of shaggy dark eyebrows surmounted a countenance that was that of the typical Russian gentleman of the higher class; lean, ascetic, harsh, chief among the feature of which was the narrow, hawklike nose. The girl paused a moment in the doorway, but the telephonic conversation appeared only to have begun, for she laid the disc down on the open side of Orski's desk, the note at the side of it, and quietly withdrew. She closed the door and returned to her table.

"President Orski is busy," she informed Halsey, "so I left the note and the article on his desk. He'll be finished, I think, in a few minutes." She dropped

Reading advertisements has helped to make this a united country.

Jim Hawkins props his feet on the rose festooned porch railing in an Oregon suburb and reads the same motor car advertisement that Cousin Peter is studying as he rides home from work in the New York subway.

In Arizona you can buy the same tooth paste and tobacco that are used by the folks in Maine.

California fruit growers advertise their oranges and lemons to the people of the East. New Hampshire factories make ice cream freezers for Texas households.

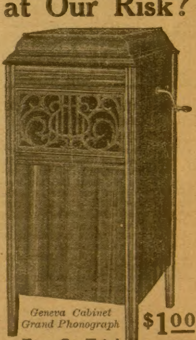
There can be no division in a country so bound together by taste, habit and custom. You can meet up with anybody in the United States and quickly get on a conversational footing because you both read the same advertisements.

Advertising is the guide to what's good to buy. Advertisements give you the latest news from the front line of business progress.

Reading advertisements enables you to get more for your money because they tell you where, what and when to buy. And it is a well-known fact that advertised goods are more reliable and better value than the unadvertised kinds.

No. 7

Will You Use This Geneva 15 Days at Our Risk?


Geneva Cabinet Grand Phonograph

Free On Trial **$1.00 DOWN**

We would like to loan you a beautiful Geneva Phonograph, without any risk on your part and without any promise to keep it or buy it.

We are sending Geneva Phonographs at our risk to music lovers all over the United States. We include ten selections of music with the instrument. If you like music—if you would like to be entertained by the greatest bands, orchestras and singers in the world, you certainly will be pleased with the Geneva.

Every Geneva we sell is sent out on trial first. Every Geneva Phonograph proves itself to be the finest phonograph offered at the low direct price we ask for it.

Once you try a Geneva, you will readily understand why it is called The Perfect-Tone Phonograph. The Geneva not only excells in tone but it plays all makes of disc records. The cabinets are in genuine mahogany and oak. They are beautiful.

EASY PAYMENT TERMS

There is no need for you to be without a phonograph. We will let you have a Geneva on the easiest terms ever offered. A small first payment at the end of the fifteen days trial and then the balance in easy monthly installments. You will hardly miss the payments.

If you would like to have the beautiful Geneva instrument for fifteen days then just write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it back to us.

We will be glad to submit to you full particulars of our remarkable offer. We are sure that you will be glad to take advantage of the wonderful opportunity we have for you.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Midwest Phonograph Co., 805 Association Bldg., Chicago
Please send me full details of your fifteen-day trial offer.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Free Loan
Bed, Spring, Mattress

This splendid complete bedroom outfit will be sent you for just one dollar deposit—merely by asking for it and mentioning this paper. If you like it take a year to pay; otherwise return it and get every penny back including all freight and hauling expense. It is just as easy to order any of our other 10,000 bargains from our big Bargain Book. No red tape; no bother whatever.

Pay Later If Satisfied

One dollar brings you this complete bed outfit and only $2.00 a month pays for it if you keep it. With our book in your home you can have immediately *all* home comforts. This is a sample bargain.

Sturdy Steel Bed New Colonial design in popular continuous post style. Standard full size, measuring 4 ft. 6 in. wide. The posts are 1¼ in. thick. Five ¾ in. filling rods are set into the top and lower rails with strong steel husks. Stands 43 in. at head and 33 in. at foot.

Colors Pure white or popular all-gold Vernis Martin finish.

Guaranteed Spring Splendidly made, unusually strong and will not sag. Angle link fabric, fastened to angle steel frame with 27 coiled spiral springs. Fits bed.

Mattress Very comfortable and expertly made. Filled with best combed excelsior, overlaid with clean, fine cotton on top and sides. Closely tufted and firmly stitched. Excellent grade ticking.

Order by No. SB5431 All 3 pieces Bed, Spring, Mattress **$19.95**

FREE Dollar Book **Penny Postal Brings It**

Year to Pay **Ask for It Early**

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A one cent postal card will bring you this biggest book. Brand new from cover to cover. You ought to have it, no matter where you finally buy. Worlds of information about all grades of furniture; a wonderful guide to prices. Nothing for the home is overlooked or forgotten. Everything from cellar to garret. Selection sent for month's free loan.

Long Credit for All
Pay In Months to Come

You never need ask us for credit. We open your account when we send you our book. We don't care where you live, or how much you earn—if you are a banker or a laborer. All are welcome to exactly the same [illegible] liberal terms. Year to pay.

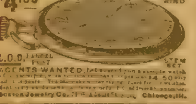
Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1351 West 35th Street, Chicago

YOU Can Get a Dodge FREE

Without a Dollar of Cost

You don't have to pay for it—not even the freight. Positively no money is required. [illegible] gave him [illegible] send a cent [illegible] want to send [illegible]

D. K. Austin, Mgr., 351 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas



Elegant Thin Model Guaranteed Watch

[illegible]

$4.50 STEM WIND

C.O.D. PARCEL POST STEM SET

AGENTS WANTED. [illegible] $4.50 [illegible]

Boston Jewelry Co. [illegible] Chicago, Ill.

WETOGRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

[illegible] and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. [illegible] Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa

down into her chair. "I'm afraid, tho, that he'll be angry at me. He's had callers filing in and out of that gate ever since early this morning. And when he's hungry——" She shook her head. "He's not very nice then." She smiled up at Halsey.

"I'll take the blame," he said confidently, "if your employer is put out about it." And he settled back in his chair, wondering what the translation of that string of Russian characters on the brass disc would tell.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BIG MAN RECEIVES A SHOCK.

PRESIDENT ALEXIS ORSKI of the great Consolidated Electric corporation was tired, hungry, and conscious of a general sense of irritation. All day long, it seemed, important visitors had been trooping in and out of his office. All day long he had been giving wearisome conferences at the expense of the accumulating litter of work scattered over his desk. At last a lull had come. A glance at his watch told him that it was a quarter of six and a strange gnawing in the region of his stomach told him that he had had no lunch.

He rose from his swivel chair and turned toward the polished clothes-tree on which reposed his fedora hat. At that moment the private telephone bell on his desk jangled sharply. With a groan he dropped back in the chair and lifted the receiver. At once he recognized the voice that spoke into the received as that of Levenson, his right-hand man, the selfsame individual who was handling the vital matter of the missing Clifford Hemingway.

"Just leaving for the day," he snapped irritably. "What have you to report, Levenson?"

"No line on the fellow yet," came back the other. "You recall the little electrical device referred to in our conversation of last night?"

Orski smiled grimly into the transmitter. This was what he wanted to discuss. Immediately the blind advertisement had appeared in yesterday's papers bearing the telephone number of Roger Halsey, president of the Eastern Electric, Levenson under a fictitious name had rented the vacant offices to the left of the Eastern Electric suite, opened the iron conduit containing the telephone wires and tapped in on the president's private wire. There were some decided advantages in having a knowledge of electricity in mere business. Orski was all attention. So much so that, altho he heard the door of his office open quietly and was conscious of a shadow standing back of his shoulder, he paid no heed to it. Levenson's voice came back in the receiver.

"There have been numerous calls in response to that advertisement," the other stated guardedly. "In respect to the device alluded to, each one has been listened in to a [illegible]"

"Yes." Orski was all attention. The shadow at his shoulder left the room and the door back of him closed [illegible]. It must be Miss Cranley, the [illegible]. She could wait, however.

"Possibly six or seven calls have come in from graduates of that particular college—you know what I mean, President [illegible]

[illegible] an electrical [illegible] was any of these from [illegible] well—the missing one [illegible]. I am confident that R. H. of E. E. is as much in the dark [illegible]. But we are taking chances on [illegible] arrangement and I [illegible] we come out from under cover. [illegible] explain. Suppose that this—I'll refer to the missing man as X—really is in Chicago according to the belief of the university. Suppose, likewise, that he does 'phone in to R. H. of E. E. in reply to that advertisement. That will of course give us a line of the fact that he has turned up at last. But suppose that instead of giving his own whereabouts he arranges to call at the E. E. offices. How, then, can we reach him before R. H. of the E. E. crabs the game? [illegible] R. H. of the E. E. [illegible] that he's the owner of [illegible] shares of the E. E. stock, and that stock is worth more to them than it is to us, he'll tighten down and that's the end of all moves on our part. We must—I assert—we must absolutely reach him in advance, or you might as well not attend the stockholders' meeting next week. Your 49 per cent will be a laughing matter to the E. E. crowd."

"But good God, man! what method can we employ for locating a needle in a haystack? You advocate, then, coming out and showing our hand—that we're after the 1½ per cent and that we don't know where it is?" Orski leaned forward, emphasizing his words by rapid jerks of the head. He could not see the breeze from the open window catch a slip of paper lying on his desk, and waft it gently over toward the wastebasket where it fluttered to the floor. Neither could he see the quaint article that remained behind on the outdrawn slide, a peculiar brass, hand-made medal, thin, cheap intrinsically, and yet bearing about it an air of pronounced sentimental value. "What do you propose then?"

"As follows," said Levenson firmly. "It sounds a little melodramatic, I will admit, but it's more logical than the way we're headed now. My idea is to put Preenz—he's at the cut-in now—in front of the O. building to watch every person entering the swinging doors. It may be expensive to have a taxicab standing near by all day tomorrow, but the expense is trivial compared to the value of that last one and a half per cent of the E. E. stock. So much for that part. From the class book and graduation pictures of the university we've got a splendid description of this X. Tall, blonde, a little stooped, wears hornshell eyeglasses, and has a nasty cut square across the chin. Preenz positively could not miss him. The minute he appears in the foyer of the O building, Preenz can approach him, tell him that he's a representative of the man whom he just talked to over the phone, that he has a quick-action business proposition for him, and take him up to my rooms in the hotel here. Then we can slip it over him by buying an option on the shares at their par value, telling him we're brokers trying to swing a deal in E. E. stock. He'll be so flabbergasted at learning that he even owns any such stock, that he'll sign the paper in a minute. And the big joke of it, Chief, is that he'll go out thinking that we're the very people whose telephone ad he answered. What do you think of it?"

"H'm." Orski leaned back in his chair. He thought for a moment. "Perhaps your method is the safer, Levenson. If he's in Chicago he'll sooner or later answer either our ad or R. H.'s ad. I'm beginning to think myself that we made a bull by trying to cover our hand thru inserting a blind address instead of a phone number. You will change that tonight?"

"Certainly," Levenson said. "The old copy is already altered. It will be sure proof, of course, to R. H. of the E. E. that we're in the field against him, but I guess it doesn't matter. The man who acts quick gets control, that's all there is to it now. Then shall I go ahead, Chief, on this new arrangement? The O. building has but one entrance. So Preenz can't miss that description."

"I'll tell you what you do," commanded Orski cautiously. "Just leave Preenz at the cut-in where he is, with orders to report to me the moment that any conversation takes place between X and R. H. of the E. E. You take up the position first thing in the morning in the foyer of the O. building—you're quicker and sharper and smoother than Preenz. Preenz will report to me on the phone according to our original plans. I can shoot out a written note to you by one of the office boys here in time for you either to intercept the man X, or to reach him first. The O. building is only one block south from here, and one block west, I believe." He paused. "Is this all clear now? Where are you talking from?"

"From my room in the Palmer House," said Levenson. "I'll go ahead on it then. I'm certain we'll land our man first." He laughed with a wolfish laugh. "Forelearned is doubly armed, to paraphrase an old proverb." He paused. "All right then, Chief. I'll be posted in the foyer of the O. building during office hours."

ORSKI hung up the receiver and spun around in his chair. He drummed on the desk with his fingers, and smiled. His hunger was momentarily forgotten. "Can't see [illegible] can fail. If the man Hemingway doesn't turn up tomorrow, he'll cert[illegible] turn up later. There are such things [illegible] private detective agencies as [illegible] as——" His words stopped, as his eye fell on a circular metal object lying on the outdrawn shelf of his desk. "Well—well—what's this?"

He picked it up curiously, and turned it over in his hand several times. He shook his head puzzledly. Then he opened his mouth to call "Miss Cranley;" but the words did not come, for his attention was caught by an inscription cut over the polished face of the disc. His very first glance showed him that the tiny characters in that inscription were those used by the land of his birth. With the medal in his hands he leaned back in his swivel chair and [illegible] it slowly began to spell out the [illegible] its face.

Of a sudden the color left his features, and he swung violently forward in the swivel chair. He sprang to his feet trembling in every fiber. Staring unbelievingly, he stood looking down at the brass medal in his fingers. He rubbed his eyes dazedly. He looked distractedly about him. Quickly he read the words over again, then leaned sick and weak against the edge of the desk.

"My—God!" He murmured [illegible]. And again: "Oh—my—God! It's [illegible] come at last. And—and he's waiting—he's waiting—he's waiting outside there."

In those few seconds the sweat had broken out on his forehead in great beads. He felt himself choking for air. He tugged frantically at his high tight collar but could not loosen it. With a terrific effort he pulled himself together, and with one hand guiding the way along the wall, he tiptoed drunkenly toward the door of the ground-glass cage. He reached forth a hand that trembled as tho it had the ague, and with a quick motion silently turned the key in the

(Continued on Page 24.)

Ned cut his hand with a chisel

It wasn't very bad, but it prevented work, and he had to heal it quickly. He did, with

Mentholatum A HEALING CREAM
Always made under this signature A. A. Hyde

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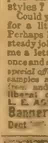

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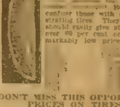

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The TUSKER

BY LEE M. ROBERTS

What Has Gone Before

SENT to the Hudson Bay region to examine land in which his uncle is interested

RICHARD CANNING, a young student of chemistry, who yearns for adventure, meets on his journey several trappers who direct him to the home of

GASPARD DELCASSE, a trader. Canning meets

CECILE DELCASSE, Gaspard's daughter. Soon after Richard's arrival at the Delcasse home

BILL HINES appears. He tells a tale of shipwreck, but is so vague as to details as to arouse suspicions. The name "Mati" falls from his lips during a drunken reverie. Canning takes the half-crazed sailor with him on the surveying trip. They discover a cave, also a skull, that reawakens Hines' fear of "haunts." On the way back Hines marks the tree with his knife. After their return Hines, thinking Canning asleep, takes from his sea bag a small carved elephant, which he hastily replaces. Again drinking heavily, he begs Canning to be on the watch for a sea-faring man who wears a steel hook for a right hand. As they talk a strange face is seen at the window. Hines is thrown into a paroxysm of terror. Cannings sets out on a short trip. He comes upon

HENRY PEACE, known as "Peaceful Henry," who wears a steel hook in place of a right hand. Peace talks smoothly and like a religious man until one of his men heads a deputation of mutineers, when suddenly Peace strikes him dead with a blow from his steel hook. On meeting Peace, Canning asks about Bill Hines. Peace is so deeply interested that Canning becomes suspicious and resolves to take his departure in the night when he thinks the crew asleep in their camp.

Canning, attempting to escape, is followed by Peace. They go to the Delcasse home. Hines is terror-stricken when he sees Peace. The latter asks Hines about "the tusker," which disappeared at the same time a Hindoo was thrown overboard and when Hines himself departed from the ship. Peace gives Hines time to decide about giving up "the tusker." Peace's crew come to the Delcasse home. They are for making an immediate end of Hines. The pirates start to search the house. Canning is wounded in a scuffle. Hines, whom the pirates fail to find, returns as mysteriously as he vanished, much the worse for liquor. He writes something on a piece of paper which he thrusts into his empty liquor flask, then falls into a doze. Peace, arriving, tries to awaken him and finds him dead—seemingly from alcoholism. The pirates search Hines' body and take away his sea bag. Canning catches a fugitive skulking about the house. He turns out to be

MATI, an East Indian, of whom Hines had spoken. Mati says he is searching for a carved elephant—"the tusker"—which he describes as a holy emblem which he must restore to a temple from which it had been stolen. Mati escapes after learning that Hines is dead, and that Peace and his crew have the sea bag. Peace and his men, failing to find "the tusker" among Hines' effects, march in a body toward the house.

This story began in No. 37 of the Chicago Ledger, dated Sept. 13. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, our agents or newsdealers.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE PARLEY BEFORE THE FIGHT.

NEARER and nearer the men came as I could tell more by their heavy panting and grumbled curses than by sight, for now they were out of line of the fire by the boathouse and sheltered by the darkness which walled out everything save that flickering glow. Suddenly I saw the form of Peaceful Henry leap out of the very night toward me. I stepped away from the door and released the safety catch of my automatic.

"Back away, Peace," I called out. "Don't come nearer. I'll kill you as sure as you do."

Peace was far from being a man of fear. But he paused and cried, "Belay!" to his men. Then I saw them all group about their leader, still growling.

"So you won't make a mistake," I said, in as even a tone as I could command, "I want to warn you now that I have an automatic pistol. It is fully loaded. I'll take no chances at a distance but shoot point blank at the first man that comes near. Now, then, what is it?"

Peace was stumped. For several seconds he said nothing. There was not even a whispering among the men, indicating to me an utter loss of purpose and a complete astonishment at finding me so formidably armed. Presently Peaceful Henry formed some sort of resolution; founded on his only method of procedure, the soothing tongue. But this was a procedure I had had plenty of in the past.

"Why, now, Mr. Canning," he began, in that old familiar sing-song, "gentlemen a-coming along a path for to pass a pleasant evening with you and to spin a yarn, as you might say, gets a shocking reception, Mr. Canning. Why, blow me, Mr. Canning, this is very unexpected. Seafaring gentlemen with a highly moral purpose a-coming to discuss matters with you and here we come abreast of guns, in a manner of speaking. Did you say you was armed, Mr. Canning?"

"Ay," I said, "and with a quick repeater, which you will speedily discover if you come another foot."

"Well, now," said he, "ain't you aware, Mr. Canning, that we are a number of gentlemen and you are only one?"

"Why do you remind me of that if you are on a peaceful mission?"

"There, now," said he, with great good satisfaction, "ain't that just what I've been a-saying? Here on a peaceful mission. And if we was disposed to be desperate why, then, we would be desperate and not peaceable at all. But we ain't desperate. What say, Dork: Lynch? You see, Mr. Canning, these here gentlemen all agree with me that we're peaceable and therefore not desperate. All we ask is a pleasant confab, a bit of conversation, in a way of saying, which will be good for one and all."

This extensive sophistry did not impress me so I held fast, determined to shoot the first one that moved.

"There's no better place than right here for a confab," said I. "What is it you want?"

"Now that's very sensible," said Peace. "What do we want? A very fair way to open a pleasant talk." He took a step forward as if encouraged by the diplomatic relations he had established.

"Back where you were," I said, elevating the muzzle of the automatic, "and there'll be no such misunderstandings such as I've just had with Mati."

"Mati." The word seemed to burst from all their lips at once in a chorus of hoarse gasps.

"Yes," said I, "he's at large in these woods, having just executed a neat escape from me, which will not be repeated by any one else."

"Mr. Canning," said Peace, with a show of severity and all the unguent palaver gone out of his tone, "sea-faring gentlemen do not like to hear discussions of them as has passed their way into kingdom come and has got decent burial at sea with the reading of Scripture."

Henry's reference to "the reading of Scripture" gave me a sudden inspiration. In spite of his constant assurances of his deep and devoted theology, I knew that the men, like most deep sea sailors of the foremost sort, were rank converts to superstition. Indeed, the ramblings of Bill Hines and of Peace himself was enough to assure me that they were more afraid of mythical devils than of human beings. And the further fact that Mati had been thrown overboard without so much as a by-your-leave, to say nothing of readings of Scripture, led me to suspect that his ghost at any moment would not be unexpected by his late companions."

"But he wasn't buried by Scripture," I said. "He was thrown overboard."

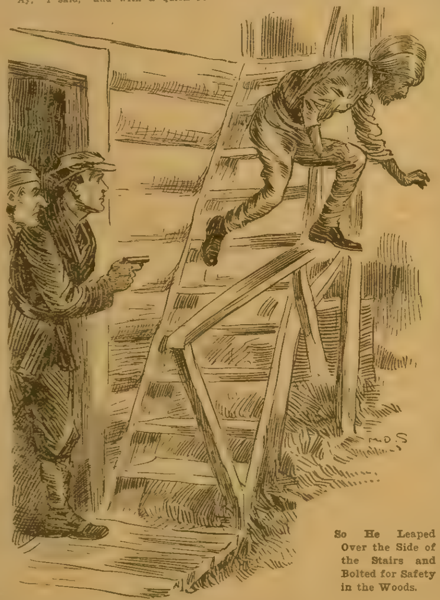
"That he was," groaned Jute, in a hollow voice.

"Hold your tongue, Jute," commanded Peace.

"And I have seen him," I said; and after a pause, "Or his ghost."

"Belay a minute, there," said Peace. "How do you know he was throwed overboard?"

"Mati told me," I said. "Well, maybe his spook. But he's a lively spook; flying about these woods; apt to come up on a man any time out of the dark."



So He Leaped Over the Side of the Stairs and Bolted for Safety in the Woods.

A groan came from one of the men. They were sturdy believers in ghostdom, these. Peace seemed stumped for a reasonable answer. He stood humming an old gospel hymn and then suddenly turned to his men.

"All back to the beach, men," he said. "I'll settle this here business to the satisfaction of one and all, and they's truth to that."

The men hesitated; not so much, as I believed, because they wanted to remain and participate in the demand that Peace was about to make, but because they were in real, living fear. Peace shoved the foremost and bade them be off. More in fear of their master than of Mati's spook, they shuffled off down the path, grumbling and cursing softly to themselves.

"Now, Mr. Canning," said Henry, "let's you and me come to some sort of an understanding, just like gentlemen together and not enemies, neither."

"What sort of an understanding do you want, Mr. Peace?" said I.

"Well, first of all," he said, "we won't say any more about ghosts, being as I'm in no fear of spirits and you're a-joking anyways. I ain't got no superstitions about drownded men, as you may know; but think drownded men is a good thing to keep the crew scared with. That's why I acted a little scared myself."

"Then you don't believe I've seen the Indian?"

"No. You may stow that. A man overboard is a man overboard and don't tell no tales," said he. "Fine to scare old wives and seafaring men with; but you and me, Mr. Canning can come to an understand."

"Tell me, then, Mr. Peace, how do you imagine I know anything of Mati?"

"Hines, of course," he replied, chuckling softly. "Bill always were a droll chap; always would have his little joke."

"But Mati is looking for a certain idol," I said meaningly.

"The devil you say!" exclaimed Peace. Then he recovered himself. "Bill has been joking again."

"Well, then, Mr. Peace," said I, "what, may I ask, are you looking for?"

He had moved out of the shadow little by little, thinking his movements unnoticed by me, I suppose. His face and figure were outlined as the sky cleared and the stars brightened. He made a gesture calculated to inspire me with the innocence of his errand.

"Now we are down to understanding one another," he said. "You see, Mr. Canning, according to the ways and customs of seafaring men the effects of this here late departed William Hines, Esquire, becomes the property of his comrades and shipmets. Which I being skipper, am bound to dispose of at auction. Well, I was in the midst of setting out these wares, in a manner of speaking, in an orderly and shoppy fashion when I noticed that all of the late Mr. Hines' estate was not present, as you might say."

"You seem to have a very complete inventory of Hines' effects," I said.

"Oh, nothing strange about that at all, I assure you," Peace broke in with the most assuring of tones. "Seafaring men aboard of a ship gets to be very close comrades. What each man has is known to each other."

"With the possible exception," said I "of tuskers taken from heathens who are thrown overboard."

I could hear Peaceful Henry's teeth shut with a snap. "Well, then, Mr. Canning," he snarled, "let's have no more to do about it. Enough of this here bandying of words and down to business, is what I say. I've come here for that tusker and the tusker I'm a-going to have."

I moved the muzzle of the automatic so that the blue of the barrel glinted faintly in the light of the stars. "You are moving too close for good gun play," I said. "Step back. My fingers are apt to grow nervous at close distances."

"You're a-going to make a fight, then Canning?" he demanded, with a growl.

"That's as you decide," I replied.

"Then," said he, "I decide right now. As you may have thought, we are mostly unarmed——" Suddenly he seemed to bethink himself of a more hypocritical strain and added: "Being as we are just plain and harmless seafaring men we don't carry powder and guns. That's because we expected to come amongst decent and honest folk. But now," his voice grew harsh again, "that you want fight, why, then, you shall have it. There is guns and ammunition aboard ship. When it comes down you'll have a taste of blood a-flowing, or my name ain't Henry Peace, Esquire."

"Fighting? Blood flowing?" I asked. "Who says anything like that?"

"Mr. Canning," he said, and I almost fancied I could see the twitching of his ferocious, evil countenance, "let's argue no more about it. We're here for the junk and we're going to have it. No use of splitting hairs; it's the tusker we're after; same as Mati."

"But why do you demand it of me?" I asked. "Why should I have any knowledge of something that lies between you and Bill Hines and the heathen. Haven't I helped you all I was able with Hines? And isn't he dead; you with his sea bag?"

"That'll be enough," he bellowed. "The junk's gone and that'll do for me. It never got out of that house and it ain't in Bill's bag as I've jolly well seen to. You've got it or you knows what's become of it. I'll give you one word of advice and that's to fetch it out in twenty-four hours."

"Twenty-four years will do you no more good," I replied.

"Twenty-four hours," he repeated, "and then I'll come for it."

With this parting roar he turned in his tracks and stamped off down the path to the fire beside the boathouse. I watched him on his way and was thus watching when I heard my name spoken from within. It was old Gaspard.

"Oh, there ees great trouble, eh, M'sieu?" he said.

I hurried to convince him it was all a tempest in a teapot which we, with proper percautions could readily handle. We entered the big living-room where a light burned low. As I talked Delcasse was in the utmost agitation and I conceived it to be caused by the threats of Peaceful Henry.

"We have guns and ammunition," I said, "and tonight we'll stand watch; you in the rear and I here in front. Out with the lights. For the first time in my life I feel the urge for real excitement. Believe me, Mr. Delcasse, we shall have high times before long."

I believe there must have been a slight touch of delirium in my words for the old man gazed at me sadly.

"Eet ees not for the fight I am 'fraid," he said, "I hav' look ever'where an' am 'fraid Cecile ees gon'."

I was jolted to my senses in a second. Cecile gone! Gone where? Kidnaped? I now reflected that I had left the little household to itself thru a dangerous evening and that many things might have happened. Mati! Or one of the murderous pirate crew.

"When did she go?" I asked.

"I theenk all the tam she ees weeth you," replied the old man, "so I am not bothaire. Bot than I hear you an' thees Hanry talk an' I know she ees not com' baack. I am mos' deestract'."

And I, too, most distracted at this swift and unnerving turn of events. I made a cautious reconnoissance in the vicinity of the house with automatic in hand. No sign of Cecile. There was nothing left to do but take up our wearisome guard duty thru the long night. Every shriek of a lynx or hoot of owl that night made my flesh creep.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SIEGE.

AT EARLY daybreak old Gaspard managed to keep an eye on the out of doors and at the same time make a pot of coffee. It was the first food I had taken in almost twenty-four hours, my spirits had become jaded and I was far from the eagerness and bravado I had felt on the night before. The coffee was reviving; and at the same time I had an opportunity to talk with the old gentleman and give him a brief outline of the things that had taken place. At my suggestion he and Cecile had kept aloof from the whole business as much as possible in the hope that the pirates would reach a settlement among themselves; but now that death and quarreling and threats of open warfare, had menaced the establishment I saw no further reason for silence.

Cecile had not returned; this her father took deeply to heart. I reflected that if she had been taken prisoner by Peaceful Henry and his crew it had been done with an eye to ransom—the thought that either Gaspard or I held the tusker and that thru Cecile it would be given over. Yet I was determined that I would not permit Peace to have the satisfaction of thinking we were in the least disturbed; tho I would have gladly given him a whole herd of ivory elephants in exchange for one ringlet of Cecile's

Our coffee gulped I went into the living-room, where I paced back and forth thru the night. I had felt the chill of the night keenly but had been prevented from building a fire by the fear that the blaze would give the pirates too much of an advantage: I in the lighted room and they in the darkness outside; so now, still feeling the early morning cold, I gathered a few fagots and laid them in the fireplace. It was now broad daylight and I relaxed a little in my vigil. I lit a match and applied it to the small twigs at the bottom of my fagots and had the satisfaction of seeing a mild blaze spring up when I heard a cry from old Gaspard.

"Queek," he said, "the cochons come."

I leaped from the fireplace and ran to the window. I was in time to see Dork leap from the cover of a clump of bushes to that of a tree. The temporary camp of the pirates at the boathouse was deserted. In another moment I saw Peace craftily making his way thru a copse of underbrush.

"Two of them in the back," cried Delcasse. I called him to leave his post and come to me. In the meantime I was doing some rapid thinking.

"We can't stay down here," I said, "they'll be able to come upon us from too many sides. We'll make a quick run for the stairway outside. In the room above we can knock the chinks out of the logs for loopholes and command the whole clearing."

For the first time in my life I enjoyed the feeling of executive command, altho my army consisted of only one private. The old man nodded eagerly and in the next instant we were out the door. Now another astonishing thing occurred. As I jerked open the door I heard the door of the small room upstairs creak and open with a jerk. Once outdoors I glanced up in time to see Mati start down the stairs. But a few steps down he saw me. He started to return up the stairs and again changed his plan. This time he leaped over the side and ran half a dozen steps.

It was apparent to me that Mati had been a tenant of the garret overnight and that upon hearing me announce that we were about to occupy that point of vantage he sought to make a quick flight. He had hoped to run down the stairs but I had cut him off. He could not return to the garret for he was unarmed and would be taken. So he leaped over the side of the stairs and bolted for safety toward the woods.

But now a new danger confronted him, one which he was quick to recognize. He had taken only a half dozen steps, as I have said, when he discovered the peril we all were in. The house and clearing were surrounded and by the very men he feared most.

Gaspard and I had lost no time. The relation of the incidents require a great deal longer than the time we spent in flying up the rickety stairs. Once on the landing I thrust Gaspard inside and paused a moment to see what was happening. Mati paused, distracted, in his furious lunging about for an avenue of escape. Peace saw him and let go a tremendous bellow. Mati turned again toward the house and with a marvelous display of speed gained the door thru which Delcasse and I had just passed A second later the door slammed. I entered the dingy garret and had the satisfaction of seeing Delcasse punching the chinks from the logs admitting thin streaks of daylight. We were now fully fortified.

I believe the sight of Mati was as much of a surprise to the buccaneers as theirs to him. There was a slight halt in the advance, which gave us time for further preparation. We were to have an attack. Peaceful Henry's twenty-four hour truce was only his crude diplomacy. He had expected to catch us asleep and was disturbed to find not two awake but three.

I saw Henry beckon to one of his men, Lynch, I think it was. I poked the long muzzle of my automatic thru a chink and bade Delcasse do likewise on his side of our impromptu fort. We let go at once together. The two shots reechoed thru the woods with a most volcanic upheaval and had instant results. Peace scampered for a larger tree and the advance halted again.

For a long time we waited without any further movement from the pirates. Then we saw two, then three of them together and then I felt certain there would be a change of strategy. It came within a few moments when I saw Peace boldly advancing from out his clump of trees with his dirty, red bandanna handkerchief stuck upon the end of a stick. This was a flag of truce

At this moment I heard a shriek that was more like an animal's than anything I had ever heard from a human being. I turned to Gaspard and he at me

"A woman?" I said.

"I do not theenk so," he said, but still anxious

Then I heard a body falling on the floor below us and for just an instant I detected a slight but very pungent odor that seemed to have come from the region of the great mud and stone chimney which passed thru the attic. I sprang to the chimney. The odor was gone. For a full minute I stood staring and [illegible]. As I did so my eye [illegible] inserted be- [illegible] ...ively I d[illegible] ...prise noticed that [illegible] from it a string that [illegible] down into the chimney. The end of the string was charred. Hastily I thrust this into my pocket and recalled Henry and his flag of truce. I went to the door. He was marching slowly but steadily toward me.

The scream in the room below, the sound of the falling body and the simul-

(Continued on Page 16.)

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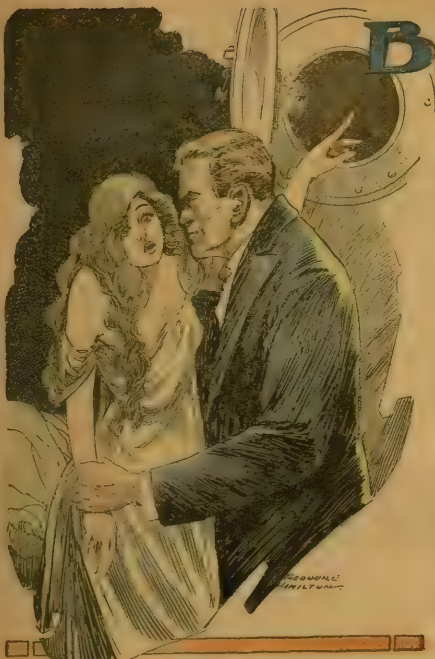
Between Bells

By CHESTER W. VONIER



“I Never Did It! It—It Came From There.”

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A WOMAN'S shrill scream sent Stevens, the deck steward, scurrying down the cabin as fast as the heavy roll of the ship would permit. Another shriek, and Stevens stopped short before stateroom Number 29. He tried the door, found it locked, then rapped loudly. There was no response. He inserted his passkey, but the bolt had been shot on the inside.

He pounded frantically against the panel of the door for a full half minute, then stopped as he heard the occupant of the room move, heard the bolt being released. The door opened. A woman, eyes wide, her face pasty white with horror, confronted the clamoring Stevens. She tried to speak but fear choked her. One hand clutched her throat; the other pointed to a misshapen mass on the floor.

It was Craven, his huge body sprawled out over the stateroom floor.

Stevens, too agitated to speak, wheeled about and ran out of the stateroom. The watch had just called six bells when I heard a pound at my door. I opened it to find Stevens, shaking with excitement of his discovery.

“Doctor Loughton,” he stammered, “there's murder aboard this ship. Number 29, Mr. Craven, sir; 'e's been killed. 'E's lying there now, sir, with a great wound in 'is ead, big as a guinea. 'Twas 'orrible, sir. I think you'd best come at once, sir.”

I hastily slipped some clothes over my pajamas and followed Stevens down the cabin. As we entered the stateroom we saw the woman sitting on the edge of the bed in a kind of stupor. She gazed with fixed but unseeing eyes at the great hulk on the floor beside her

I examined the body. I found, as Stevens had said, a great hole in his forehead below the temple. Death had been virtually instantaneous. I sent Stevens for the officer on watch, then examined the room. Ten feet from the body I found a huge Colt .45 with a long, blue steel barrel and a plain wooden butt. One chamber was empty.

“Whose gun is this?” I shot at the [illegible]

She never raised her dull eyes from the body on the floor, never opened her lips, made no sign that she had heard [illegible]

“Whose gun is this?” I repeated sharply, but she remained as motionless and silent as a statue.

“Who did it?” I went on “You?”

Still no answer

“Did you do that? Why did you kill him?” I demanded, seizing the hands that lay folded in her lap.

“I didn't, I didn't,” she cried, coming out of the daze with a start. “I never did it! It—it came from there.”

She pointed to the porthole near the ceiling of the room. As the vessel pitched and rolled the window swung crazily back and forth.

I laughed at the evident attempt to throw suspicion from herself. But her plea seemed too far-fetched. With such a gale blowing, how on earth could any one, sailor or landsman, swing a rope from the rail ten feet above and climb down to kill a man? It was preposterous. I looked again. The sea was sending spurts of water thru the porthole, twenty feet from the water line.

But I got no further chance to question the woman. At that moment Stevens returned with Mr. Harding, the first officer. Stevens had given him his story, and I told mine as briefly as I could. I gave the revolver into his safekeeping. The steward was sent to get another man to help him lift the body to the bed. That accomplished, we locked the room, sealed the doors and left, taking Mrs. Craven with us. She was still dazed, but her nerves were plainly drawn taut. We led her to a stateroom where I administered an opiate A stewardess was called to watch her.

Mr. Harding went immediately to make his report to the captain. I was too highly excited to turn in for a while and decided to inspect, for curiosity's sake, the upper deck. Not that I expected to find anything, but I wished to satisfy myself that it could have been impossible for Craven to have been killed from the porthole

AS I BREASTED the stiff October gale that swept down the hurricane deck, I felt a vague sympathy for the woman. Craven undoubtedly had deserved his fate. I never had seen the man before he put foot aboard the Salamica, but in our six days' voyaging I had formed a violent dislike for him, a dislike, I believe, that was shared by his fellow passengers. In my mind, I had placed him down as a bully, delighting in making people fear him. He spoke to none on the ship save his wife, and never did I see her respond as tho he spoke to her like a man. She cringed before ever he uttered a word, knowing perhaps that only his deviltry would prompt a remark from him, even to her. On a slow old tub like the Salamica, it behooves the passengers to help each other bear the tedium of the voyage, but the Cravens plainly wanted to be let alone, and they jolly well were, after a bit, when we saw that the great hulking brute refused even to respond to a civil good day. All day he would sit in his steamer chair, gazing out over the tumbling water; at infrequent intervals he would turn to the woman, an evil grin on his face, and say a word or two in an undertone. I'd swear that I'd seen her lips quiver in protest more than once, but she'd answer never a word.

I'd have liked mightily, after I'd begun to turn it over in my mind, to have helped her out of her trouble, but as I could see it, there was nothing I might do. She'd murdered him, and richly as he had deserved it, she'd have to stand the penalty for it.

Moodily I tramped around the deck. A little abaft the funnels, and almost directly above the stateroom of the Cravens, I saw a figure dart out of the shadow.

I called for him to halt, but he never stopped. I gave chase and cornered him in the stern of the ship. It was one of the sailors, a little wizened chap with fear written vividly across his ratlike face.

“I didn't do it!” he screamed at me. “I didn't do it!”

“What didn't you do?” I demanded. “What were you running for?”

Ignoring my question the fellow tried frantically to wrench himself from my grasp, but I had a firm grip on his wrists. I halloed and, in a second, two of the crew came on the run.

“Put him in irons,” I ordered. “The captain will want him in the morning.”

AS THEY led him away I laughed a little at myself for my positiveness. Mentally, I'd had the woman hung, and here the real murderer ran directly into my arms. And he, the poor, silly little devil, had screamed out his own death warrant. If he'd had the sense not to run, he'd never have been suspected.

I decided to take another turn about the deck and then go back to bed. It was past two bells and I needed sleep. Possibly the watch could give me some information. I found him, a swarth, stocky little chap, with the appearance of an Italian.

I told him there'd been a murder aboard, and asked him if he'd seen anybody acting suspiciously about the deck. He said, however, that he'd come on watch at eight bells and had seen nothing out of the ordinary since. He hadn't heard my hallo, but said he'd been at the other end of the deck. I asked him who had been on watch before his turn He told me, but, after a moment's reflection, I decided to let the morning take care of the rest of the matter and went directly to my cabin.

It was 10 o'clock that the captain had set for an inquiry into the affair. Harding, Mrs. Craven, the little sailor I had caught, Stevens and myself were summoned to testify. I regarded this as a mere formality.

As ship's physician I was first on the stand. I told first of the nature of the wound and expressed the opinion that any theory of suicide was untenable because of the direction from which the bullet had entered the skull and the absence of powder burns about the wound. I then recounted Mrs. Craven's assertion regarding the shot from the porthole, and lastly my discovery of the little sailor on the hurricane deck, and his telltale protestations of innocence.

Stevens, beyond saying that it was between five and six bells when he first had heard the screams, and telling of seeing the body on the floor, had nothing to add to my testimony, and Harding, the first officer, merely corroborated our statements.

Mrs. Craven, called next, was assisted to the table by a stewardess

Her nerves were completely unstrung, and Captain Murdoch, recognizing her condition, tried in his dour Scotch way to make the ordeal as easy for her as possible

“Now, Mrs. Craven,” he began in a kindly voice, rolling his r's impressively, “would ye tell us then what ye can about what happened last night?”

On the verge of hysteria since she had entered the room the woman gave way at the blunt question

“I never killed him!” she shrieked “I don't care what you say, I never did it. You're trying to blame me, but you can't. You never can blame me!”

Her voice had risen to its highest pitch, and she broke off only to throw back her head, laughing in a shrill frenzy. I motioned excitedly to the captain, and at a nod from him went forward to try to soothe her and lead her back to her seat. She thrust me off in maniacal fury and then went on:

“The arm did it. It was the arm. It came thru the side of the boat. It had a gun. It pointed it straight at him, and then——” She grinned cunningly and again broke into that horrible laugh.

“I won't go away from here,” she screamed at me. “I'm going to tell all about it. You can't blame me. I won't let you blame me.”

There was no stopping her, our attempts serving only to feed her frenzy.

“Only that arm. Then the gun went off, and I heard him fall. I can't remember any more. It's all gone, all gone.”

A storm of sobs marked the passing of the hysteria. With a courage of which I had not believed her capable, she composed herself and turned to the captain

“Please excuse me,” she said, her voice weak and trembling. “I couldn't help it. It's—it's all so—so horrible.”

“I know, I know,” Captain Murdoch answered her kindly, “and there's none of us says you did it. But we must know what happened, and you're the only one who can tell us.”

Mrs. Craven passed her hand over her forehead in a puzzled manner. “I don't remember anything after I heard him fall. I can't think.”

“Never mind about that, then. Could you tell us, perhaps, if there is any one aboard this ship that you'd suspect of harboring illwill toward your husband?”

“No,” came the answer slowly, “we don't know any one on this ship, not a soul.”

“And ashore, had Mr. Craven any enemies, any one that might wish to kill him?”

The woman started, then her eyes narrowed and with a touch of bravado and defiance, she answered: “No there ain't. There's nobody. Nobody at all. Who would there be?”

“What was your husband's business?” Captain Murdoch continued.

“He didn't have any business. He was rich,” she replied shortly.

“And now as to your relations with him. Did you ever have any er—er—disagreements of any kind?”

“No,” she returned sharply.

“He was always kind and attentive?”

“Don't think it's anybody's business how we got along. I didn't complain, and I guess that's all that matters. We got along all right.”

Her attitude of suspicion, together with the danger of the return of her hysteria, made it advisable at that time, I thought, to end the cross-examination, and I advised the captain of my opinion. He agreed with me, and the woman was dismissed.

HE THEN called the little sailor I had caught the night before, but his terror made him incoherent.

“Tompkins,” the captain began sternly, “what were you doing on deck last night when Dr. Loughton found you?”

“Nawthin', sir,” he stammered, fear sitting high in his eyes.

“Tell me,” demanded the captain, “why did you run when Dr. Loughton hailed? What did you mean by saying you didn't kill him? How did you know there had been a killing? Come, come, tell me, Tompkins. Why did you do it?”

“Before Gawd, sir, I never did it. I don't know why I run. I guess I just did it, that's all. I never hurt 'im, sir. I don't know nawthin' about it, sir. I don't. I swear it, sir.”

To me it seemed the height of incongruity that the cringing thing in the chair before us could have summoned the daring to commit that crime. A trapped rat, he seemed, and I wondered if, like a trapped rat, he might still put up a fight

Captain Murdoch picked up the gun I had found in the Craven's stateroom and held it out to Tompkins.

“Do you know whose gun this is, Tompkins?” he queried.

Tompkins gazed stupidly at the weapon for an instant and then, with a snarl like a cornered beast, he leaped from his chair.

Captain Murdoch sprang from his chair, grasped the terror-maddened sailor and threw him heavily to the floor

“Get the irons,” he roared, and, when the shackles were brought, he fastened them with his own hands. "I want him here, but I want him watched," he told two members of the crew who had hurried to his assistance. Then he resumed his seat and ordered the inquiry to proceed

Corbin, another member of the crew, was called

"Corbin." said Captain Murdoch, "do you know whether Tompkins had a grievance against Mr. Craven?'

"He had, sir," Corbin answ[illegible]

"Do you know what it was?

"Yes, sir I do. Mr Craven batted him one, a day or two ago, and Tompkins has been swearin' ever since he'd get even if it took the rest of his life."

"Tell us as much about it as you can," the captain ordered.

"Well, sir, it was like this. Tompkins and myself was washing down decks early yesterday—no, day before yesterday. Mr. Craven was the only passenger on deck, but Tompkins, he never does look where he's at, kind of bumped into Mr. Craven with his pail. Without a word the chap up and biffs old Tompkins one. He didn't seem to strike hard, but Tompkins is knocked a good ten feet. Well, Tompkins was swearin' a blue streak when he picks himself up, sayin' he'd cut the heart out of the big chap, and the likes of that. Of course, I only laughed, because it sounded nutty, Tompkins cuttin' the heart out of a man like Craven. But I didn't think nothin' of that, no more than I did about Tompkins gettin' up and sneakin' out of his bunk last night, that is, I didn't think nothin' about it until I found Tompkins had been put in irons for murderin' Mr. Craven."

"What's this? You'd better tell us all you know of Tompkins leaving his bunk last night," the captain demanded.

"Well, sir, it must have been just before or maybe just a little after five bells. I don't exactly remember. But first thing I knows I sees Thompkins pull the covers off himself—his bunk's right across from mine—and climb out, like he was afraid somebody might see him. He was full dressed, except for his shoes, and he picks them up and carries them out with him. I didn't keep watch for Tompkins long, sir, but when I got up at four bells to go on watch, he was still out, but o' course, when I hears that he's in irons, it clears it all up, sir."

"And did any one else in the fo'c'sle know that Tompkins got up in the middle of the night?"

"Not as I know of, sir."

"And did any one else hear him make the threat against Mr. Craven?"

"I think not, sir. Well, wait a minute, now. I guess there was. That queer lad that we shipped at New York; Tony, we calls him, looking so much like a Dago, was standing about. I remember it now, sir, because he grins when Tompkins starts to cuss the gentleman, promising to cut his heart out and such

"'You ain't got the nerve,' he tells Tompkins.

"'Oh, I ain't, ain't I?' says Tompkins. 'Well, you just stay aboard this ship long enough and you'll see.'

"Tony just stands there and grins, and bimeby he starts off for the fo'c'sle. But I never thought nothin' about it until just now, sir."

"Thank you, Corbin, that will be all," said the captain. "Henderson," to the second officer, "will you please fetch this man, Tony?"

HENDERSON started off. Corbin had seemed to clinch the case against Tompkins. Corbin had supplied what was lacking in the case against him—the motive—altho I already had guessed it must have been revenge. Men like Craven seemed to have the uncanny faculty of stirring a spirit of revenge against themselves. As I speculated on these things, Henderson re-entered the room, escorting a dark, foreign-looking chap. At second glance I recognized him as the watch I had encountered the night before, following the capture of Tompkins. In the daylight, I noted the appearance of leashed strength about the man. He was short and heavy of physique, but he walked with all the light-footed grace of a tiger. His eyes were black and hard, his lips were set in a grim line, and the heavy upturned mustache on his face seemed to lend an incongruous appearance of frivolity—indeed, it was as much out of place as a Charley Chaplin mustache on the Sphinx

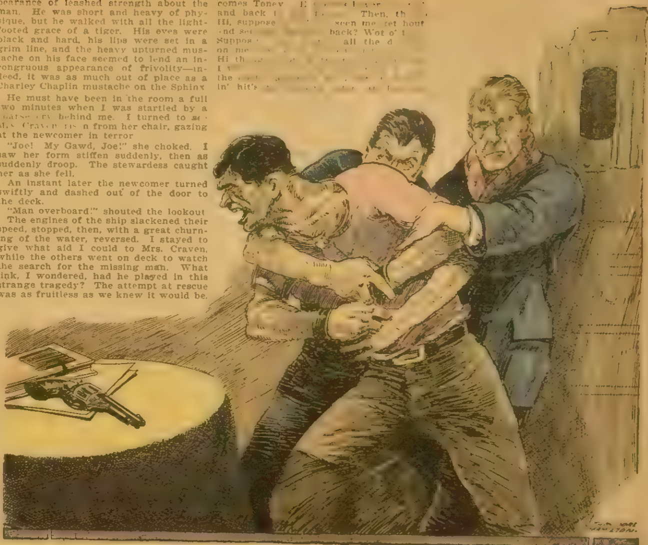
He must have been in the room a full two minutes when I was startled by a hoarse cry behind me. I turned to see Mrs. Craven risen from her chair, gazing at the newcomer in terror

"Joe! My Gawd, Joe!" she choked. I saw her form stiffen suddenly, then as suddenly droop. The stewardess caught her as she fell.

An instant later the newcomer turned swiftly and dashed out of the door to the deck.

"Man overboard!" shouted the lookout

The engines of the ship slackened their speed, stopped, then, with a great churning of the water, reversed. I stayed to give what aid I could to Mrs. Craven, while the others went on deck to watch the search for the missing man. What link, I wondered, had he played in this strange tragedy? The attempt at rescue was as fruitless as we knew it would be.



We Saw Tompkins Making Desperate Efforts to Release Himself From His Guards.

and I had barely restored the woman to consciousness when the others returned.

Hardly had the captain resumed his seat when we saw Tompkins making desperate efforts to release himself from his guards.

"What's the matter, Tompkins?" asked the old man.

"Tony," stammers the little sailor, "'e was the man as killed 'im, sir."

"What do you mean?" thundered Captain Murdoch.

"I saw 'im do it, sir," Tompkins continued, the words coming in a perfect torrent. "That's w'y I didn't say nawthin' when you was askin' me, sir. I was scared. Last night in me bunk, I couldn't sleep, thinkin' on 'ow this blighter 'ad swabbed me one, an' thinkin' o' some way I could get evens with 'im. I see this Tony a' sneakin' toward me dunnage bag where I keeps this gun 'id, tho o' course Hi didn't know 'e was arter that then. Thinks I, I'll watch 'im to see wot 'e's arter, waitin' till 'e 'ad me stuff before I'd holler. 'E fusses around a bit until he gets my gun, then starts to sneak hout again. 'Aha, me bucko,' says I to myself, 'we'll see wot you're arter, a-snoopin' around like this.' So Hi gets hout o' me bunk quiet like, and goes arter 'im.

"'E goes on along the 'urricane deck, an' tykes a rope out o' one o' the lifeboats. 'E give it a hitch about the rail, and then swings overside, crawlin' like a regular monkey. 'E didn't climb like no sailor, sir, more like a hacrobat in one o' these 'ere music 'alls. Then all of a sudden I 'ears a gun go hoff, right below. I creeps back o' the funnels, and sure enough, arter a minute hup comes Toney [illegible] and back [illegible] Then, th[illegible] Hi, suppose [illegible] seen me get hout [illegible] back? Wot o' [illegible] Suppos[illegible] all the d[illegible] on me [illegible] Hi th[illegible] I [illegible] the [illegible] in' hit's [illegible] an runs. Then when 'e follered me, I was sure hof it. That's w'y, sir, I says Hi never killed 'im."

Tompkins stopped only for want of breath.

"That'll do, Tompkins," the captain told him.

"Now," he began bewilderedly, looking about the little circle.

"Captain," Mrs. Craven interrupted

"Yes?"

"He's right, this man is right," she burst out. "It was he—my—my husband."

None of us seemed to comprehend, the captain the least of all.

"I don't understand," he said dazedly.

"I know," she answered impatiently. "I want to tell it all. My name isn't Craven. I'm Mrs. Joseph Gulloti, and the man that just jumped overboard, well—he—he—he was my husband. I just ran away—eloped, I guess you'd call it—with this other man. His name wasn't Craven, either. It was Rudolph Hochmuth. He was a strong man in Brinckley and Barclay's circus. I was a bareback rider, and Joe, my husband, you know, he was a trapeze worker.

"Well, Joe and Rudy they didn't get along at all together, and me an' Joe didn't either, for all that. Joe was terrible jealous, an' I couldn't even talk to another man. Then Rudy, he got to givin' me little things when Joe wasn't around, and tellin' me things I hadn't heard for so long—that I was too pretty to be in this business and the likes of that, and I kind of got to meetin' him when I was sure Joe wouldn't catch us. But one day he did, and then—then—well, he thought something bad, and I couldn't stand it. I told Rudy, and he said, why not run away from him. I don't know why, but I did it, and that very night we started off.

"But we hadn't been gone but a day, just so he knew I couldn't go back, that I had to go with him because I didn't dare face Joe again, when he started to treat me terrible. Then I began to suspect he just ran away with me because he knew that's the way he could hurt Joe worst. He said he was going to London, where we could get all kinds of work in the music halls. He was telling what he would do to me, and saying to my face that I couldn't go back, and that I had to do just what he wanted, or he'd tell Joe where I was. I was living in hell all the time, and I almost got crazy. I thought I was crazy then when I saw that arm sticking thru the hole in the boat, pointing a gun at Rudy.

"I never thought, tho. I couldn't think about anything, I guess, until just now, that Joe was here. He must have followed us all the way, just waiting until he could get at him. He used to be a sailor in the old country, Joe did, so I guess it was pretty easy for him to get a job. I'm glad he got out of it. I n.——'

Then the fortitude that had carried her thru the recital of the sordid little tragedy deserted her, and she broke into a storm of sobs.

"Oh, why didn't he take me, too?" she moaned. "Why didn't he take me?"

And I wondered if, after all, her punishment for the part in the tawdry triangle had not been the hardest. Hardest because she had an eternity of years in which to bear it.

The Souvenir Fiend Goes on a Rampage

"THE souvenir habit," remarked the girl who had just come back from an Eastern trip, "ought to be prohibited by law

"Why?" asked the friend who liked to hear her talk. 'Have a sandwich before you begin, Mary.'

"Well," said Mary, sandwich poised, "I took this trip East with Aunt Julia. Know my Aunt Julia? No? Well, she's a regular person in most ways, but she has the most frightful habit of collecting souvenirs everywhere she goes. You'd think that was the sole purpose of [illegible]. Our house has always be[illegible] Aunt Julia gleaned in ages past, [illegible] never realized before how rabid she was on the subject. She has always kept ten postcard albums in our library, to say nothing of eight or ten kodak books, and she has shells from the seashore, balsam pillows from the mountains, grass baskets from Florida and beads and serapes from Mexico She has spoons from the World's Fair, the Pan-American, the San Francisco Exposition and every large city she has ever visited, baskets and pottery and embroideries and queer garments from every other old place under the sun. I really ought to have been forewarned

"Well, you know we went to the White Mountains, but we stopped first in Boston, which was a great mistake. A city like Boston, musty with historical relics, is simply a paradise to Aunt Julia. We'd only meant to stay three days, but the longer we stayed the more there was to see. There won't be so much of Boston left for the next tourists, tho, believe me! Aunt Julia chipped off a piece of nearly everything in the city. She got a stone from Bunker Hill monument, turf from the front of Longfellow's home in Cambridge, a section of Old North Church, some of the common, large copies of all the pictures in their fine decorated library, some books, a Boston bag—the kind every one in Boston carries but only plumbers use out here—and, well I can't catalog them all, but I know I had to buy an extra suitcase to hold the produce of her vandalism.

"And then she simply wouldn't leave the region without having visited Salem and the House of Seven Gables and Hawthorne's birthplace, so that meant another load of junk. We pillaged Concord on our way north, and I didn't feel really safe for a week or so after we got into the country. It didn't seem possible that the authorities wouldn't be after us to atone for the damage we had done.

"I hoped Aunt Julia would settle down and not find anything to salvage in just plain mountain scenery, but, alas! Besides cutting enough balsam to stuff five [illegible] she conceived the happy idea [illegible] and canning quarts and quarts of wild blueberries. She kept our cottage hot as a dye kitchen for days and it resulted in rows and rows of neat little jars with labels. 'Mountain View, July, 1919.' She said that we'd think of the wonderful air and scenery every time we ate any of those berries

"H'm, I guess we will! We had to buy a packing case and pay a man $2 to haul it to the station and half the glasses were broken when it reached home. Aunt Julia's room after she unpacked everything looked like a geological display in a museum. I've no idea in the world what we are to do with all that stuff. We might use it for Christmas presents if Aunt Julia didn't treasure it so, but then nobody really cares about receiving bits of old rocks and fence palings. There's nothing I can do, apparently, to keep Aunt Julia from adorning the mantelpiece with it. And she'll actually brag about it and tell people where she got things. Funny, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," mused the other girl, reflectively eating the last sandwich. "You told me yourself that you'd had three proposals while you were gone. You collected those, didn't you? When you're Aunt Julia's age I dare say you'll want something more concrete. There isn't any one living who doesn't collect something. Aunt Julia's really not any funnier than you are. Come on in and see my new dresses!"

* * *

No young man ever considers his best girl too good to be true

The Tusker

(Continued From Page 13)

taneous advance of Peaceful Henry across the clearing with his ludicrous flag of truce held before him all came with such abruptness that I was bewildered for a moment. Thoughts of Cecile, of the furiously darting Mati, the bit of string I had salvaged from the chimney and the sudden change in demeanor of Peace made me very cautious. I stepped out upon the landing. Peace stuck his improvised flag higher in air, whereupon I threw up my hand to halt him. He was now within hearing distance, so I called to him.

"That's near enough, Peace," I said. "What have you to propose now?"

"Parley," he shouted back, "as is customary between one warring party and another."

"Come a little nearer, then," I said, and waited until he had come within speaking distance. "Now," said I, "let's understand this: We have nothing more in common. I don't believe anything you say and will run no more risks with you and your pirate crew."

At the word "pirate" I thought he flinched. But he said nothing, patiently waiting until I had finished.

"We have a good command of the clearing up here," I said, "and we have plenty of ammunition. Our guns are good for five hundred yards and I assure you we know how to use them." In saying this I confess to a trifle of unwarranted boasting, for I believe old Gaspard was not the best of marksmen and I am sure I was not; but I considered my statement at least diplomatic. "So far as we are concerned you can go to the devil. We have nothing that belongs to you and we don't propose to be killed in our beds. If it's the tusker you want we know nothing about it. I'll admit that I know about it, know also that Mati has knowledge of it and that Bill Hines had it. Where it is now we do not know. All we ask is that you and your crew go away and leave us in peace."

When I had spoken Henry's distorted and malevolent face lighted up with its customary hypocrisy and I knew he was about to renew his attempt at cajolery.

"Why, now, Mr. Canning," he whined, "that was very prettily spoken and like a man, too. Being a brave man you are a very just man, too, and that's why I am a-coming across this clearing under a flag of truce in a manner of speaking. I can't say as I think you have the—the—little matter we—that is, our little seafaring band of gentlemen has been a-looking for, but I thought you might be a-willing to give us a hand in another matter."

"Speak up," I said.

"That's very nice of you, to be sure, Mr. Canning," he returned. "What I have been a-thinking of, Mr. Canning, is that you spoke the truth after all about that heathen, Mati; and inasmuch as he is a member of our ship's crew and a very good cook, as one might say, I thought you might let me speak with him just the least little bit, by way of a pleasant conversation just among gentlemen, in a way of saying."

I considered this proposition, fearing there might be a new plot hatched. But I, too, was anxious to know what was going on in the room below.

"Well, then," I said, "listen closely: First call all your men together in a body and send them back to the beach, where we can see them easily. Then I will go into the room below; after me you may come. Mr. Delcasse will stay outside on guard. I shall keep you covered indoors so that you don't come anything clever over us. Is it agreed?"

He bowed very grandly and again lifted up his flag of truce by way of taking an oath. He walked back toward the edge of the clearing and spoke briefly to the men after he had called them together. I was careful to see that all of them went directly to the beach where they had been encamped. Now I was reasonably fortified against a sudden attack, so I descended the creaky stairs very cautiously to guard against any sudden attack from Mati. Gaspard came after me with his gun leveled at Peace and held thus while I crept round the corner of the house and made a reconnoissance. All was still inside. I walked back to the door and, standing out of sight of the interior, thrust it [illegible] There was no response. I en[illegible] One glance was sufficient to tell me that an unusual tragedy had occurred. Mati was sprawled before the grate. I shouted in my surprise and tho I was on my guard I gave little heed to the entrance of Peaceful Henry just behind me. I ran to the figure of the East Indian. A moment of examination convinced me that he was the [illegible] victim of the strange even[illegible]

"Deader'n a door nail," w[illegible] comment. Then he turned to me. "Mr. Canning," he said, "this is a very strange carrying on."

"It surely is," I sa[illegible] half mechanically, viewing the body. The lips were slightly drawn and there was a pinkish tinge thru the dusk of the cheeks. The flames dying in the grate flickered weirdly over the fantastic fo[illegible]

"Mr. Cannin[illegible]" said Peace, "this here is beyond me. I am a peaceful and Gospel sort of a man, but when two of my loving shipmets loses their lives, which is very precious to them, in this here very room, then its time to look out, I says. And that's what I'm a going to do. We come here to have a kindly and gentle talk with William Hines, Esquire, and we find him dead. We come to talk with this dear departed which was the chief of our gally and he is likewise journeyed to the far beyond. These things is not Biblical. With your kind permission I will take charge of the remains."

"And search his effects, I suppose," said I. "Just wait a moment."

I summoned Delcasse and bade him keep Peace covered. Then I made a hasty examination of Mati's clothing, all in plain view of Peace, so he would be unable to say I had deprived the departed of any property. Only a few trinkets rewarded my search.

"Very well," said I, "you may take him away."

Peace took up the body as if it were nothing and tossed it over his shoulder The East Indian's turban fell off. I did not trouble to readjust it, allowing it to remain as it fell. Peace strode to the door and growled.

"I'll take advantage of the flag of truce to bear my sad burden to the beach," he said. "After that I give plain warning that I intend to burn you out like a pack of wolves."

With this merry farewell he lurched off down the path.

CHAPTER XXI.

WITH RIFLE AND TORCH.

GASPARD and I were now alone. The seige had ended with a second death, altho there had been no exchange of blows and no violence beyond the shots we had fired at random. Gaspard stood at the window watching the progress of Peaceful Henry trudging down toward the shore with the body of the Hindu over his shoulder. I dropped into a splint chair and pondered over the happenings of the day. I was deeply dejected, what with the continued absence of Cecile, the deaths of Hines and Mati and our lonely situation. Before me lay Mati's turban where it had fallen from his head. I stooped mechanically and took it up. Then I walked to the chimney side and hung it on a peg. I had occasion to examine it later. There had been a brisk fire in the grate, but now this had fallen away to embers which were fast cooling. I stood looking at the last little darts of flame when there came a cry from Gaspard.

"Queek," he called. "They are come back."

I leaped to the doorway. Sure enough, there were Peaceful Henry and his gang again approaching, but this time with greater caution. Each man held in his hand a burning fagot. Henry was determined, evidently, to make good on his threat to burn us out.

We were in a difficult situation. To run up stairs to the loft again was obviously the wrong move, for if burning fagots came they would be thrown upon the roof and we would be in no position to put them out or scatter the flames. We decided to remain where we were, with an occasional sally out of doors to reconnoiter, and to take chances with missiles in case any of the fagots should land on the roof. We had hardly determined upon this course when we detected the smell of smoke from the rear.

"Stand here with your pistol," I called to Gaspard. "I'll go back and see what has happened."

I ran thru the house to the back door. I was in time to see one of the renegades departing from the rear door in all haste. I took a pot shot at him and had the satisfaction of hearing him yell and seeing him plunge head foremost into the thicket, but whether because I had hit him or because he had been frightened by the imminence of that fate I could not tell. Also, I had other important business, for I now discovered that he had thrust a burning brand under the corner sill of the log kitchen and that a good sized flame was licking the logs. I seized up a pail of water and dashed it on the fire, extinguishing it. In a moment I was sorry for my haste; for the water constituted our whole supp[illegible] I had used it at a cast; and now we were apparently in for a seige. Gaspard looked in on m[illegible] [illegible]ther it with a blanket," he said. [illegible] that [illegible] even and undisturbed [illegible] I did later in the day. Gaspard's perfect equanimity under the trying circumstances was a boon to me. Heretofore I had regarded myself as a

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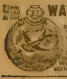

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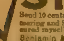

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lone hero hampered by the presence of a puttering old man, but I soon discovered that his years of experiences in the woods had given him a command of himself that stood him well in the emergency. Then, too, the loss of Cecile had suddenly hardened him and he had become an implacable fighting man. He went back to the living-room, while I watched the rear. A few minutes later I heard a shot. Then came a string of oaths.

"Did you get one of them?" I shouted.

The old man murmured something inarticulate. "At leas'," he said, in reply, "he weel not be troble for a w'ile."

I could not repress the desire to have a look. From the front window I saw Peace and one of his companions lift another from the sand and bear him quickly into the protecting angle of the boathouse. In a moment they returned again to the attack but without their wounded comrade. Then they scattered and dodged here and there in the trees watching for an opportunity to dash out and throw their brands. But they were ill concealed for the smoke from the pitch pine knots betrayed them at every step.

It was not long before we were able to detect their plot. They were determined to take positions at different points about the house and at a signal rush forth, taking their chances against our two pistols to give effect to their incendiary pine knots. This quickly followed. Gaspard and I ran here and there firing at will from windows and doors, endeavoring to bring such fire to bear as would at least discourage some of them and leave the most courageous to our best aimed bullets. Three times I took the most careful aim at Peace and each time he escaped. Once I saw his steel hook flap impotently and I had caught that member with a bullet. A piratical hat flew from the head of another as Gaspard's marksmanship began to register. Pine knots were thrown but with little accuracy, most of them falling short. Then one struck fair for we heard a shout from Henry and a command to press on.

"It's hit," he yelled, "give 'em some more, mates, and we'll see 'em burn like rats."

We heard a crackling in the low roof of the kitchen. I hastened to investigate, snatching up a blanket as I ran. One of Peace's men was fair range. I let go at him. He spun once round and fell. Then he sprang up and made for the woods as if devils were after him. I gave him no further thought but clambered on a table, dragging a chair up after me. Then with no small damage to my unprotected hands I managed to smother the fire in the blanket. A shout came from Delcasse as I dropped to the floor. I hurried to him and found Peace almost in the doorway poising himself with a flaming torch and Delcasse fumbling with his pistol which had jammed. I fired wildly. The pine knot flew out of Peace's hand. He dodged out of view round the corner and made off. The pirates were upon us and we could not possibly save the building.

"There's only one chance," I called to Gaspard. "We must run for it and take pot luck in the open. The house is gone."

"After you, M'sieu," he said, with the utmost gravity.

I started for the door and was about to peer out for an opportunity to make a run for it when there came a veritable fusilade of shots.

"They have got guns," said the old man, in a sort of despair, I thought.

Another volley resounded thru the clearing. Then we saw Peaceful Henry racing toward the water's edge with his men after him in most prodigious celerity. Then we heard a chorus of shouts and the laughter of a girl. The next moment there burst upon us Cecile with reinforcements, my old friends Alphonse Lavelle, Octave Marat and Georges Rebeau

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RELIEF EXPEDITION

I HAD read then and have read since of many glorious relief expeditions; the relief of Lucknow and of Ladysmith and the like; but for the one time in my life I came to know the feeling of one who is beseiged and relieved. The surprising appearance of Cecile, her eyes sparkling with excitement and herself in a high state of jubilation, would have been enough to startle Gaspard and me, but to see her at the head of a very army was well nigh enough to topple us over. I stuck my automatic away and stood half stupefied. When Cecile had embraced her father she turned to me and while her greetings were less enthusiastic they were not less genuine.

"You have given us a tremendous fright," I said by way of reproving her.

"But something else besides, I think," she laughed.

"Why didn't you tell us?" I asked.

"Because you wouldn't have let me go and you wouldn't have let me stay here while you went," she said.

"Cecile is quite right," said her father. "I would not have let her reesk her life so."

The three trappers were modestly ranged just inside the door. I gave them each a most eager shake of the hand.

"You deed not theenk you would see uz thees soon," said Lavelle.

"Not at all," I said. "Frankly I thought you all would be miles from here by this time."

"Not in the summer time," interrupted Cecile. "At least I took a chance on that. I calculated they would be preparing for the fall and winter's trap and that if I made good time I would catch them at home."

"You surely made good time," was all I could say.

"I averaged nearly five miles an hour, which ain't so bad for a girl," she said.

"Nor for a beeg man," said Marat shyly. Then Cecile described her whole adventure; how she had determined upon her course without telling either her father or me and how she stole away, filched a canoe from under the very eyes of the pirates and then paddled away up the river to the cabin of the trappers. The return trip was speedily made. The remainder I knew; how the trappers upon landing from their birchbark, decided to take no lives if they could help it, but to frighten the sailors with a burst of fire. The result was better than they expected.

For the first time in many hours I had an opportunity to reflect over the affairs of the day. The death of Mati was related to Cecile who received this news with no exultation, even tho he might have been intent upon doing us harm.

"He was found dead just where Hines lay?" she asked.

"And under almost the same circumstances," I said.

"What could have killed them?"

"I don't know, yet," I said. "I made hasty examinations of both, but couldn't determine at the time. If you will all excuse me now I am going to run down a few clews, as the detectives say; and if I find anything of interest you will soon know it."

After a few moments more of conversation the trappers, Cecile and her father went into the dining-room at my request, for I had every desire to be alone with my investigations. I was sure that we would have no more trouble with the pirates, for our defensive arrangements were complete with five fire-arms and enough men to watch all sides of the house at once. I gave myself the benefit of the prediction that Peaceful Henry and his most unpeaceful crew would be pulling out in their boat before long; to fetch reinforcements, perhaps, but at least leaving us to ourselves for a while; and this would afford us an opportunity to prepare for a siege should this be Henry's plan.

I sat in the big chair before the fireplace in spite of the fact that I have a natural repugnance for places that have a tragic significance, and began pondering over the strange coincidence of two deaths under almost similar, and certainly mysterious, circumstances. I am frank to confess that the death of Bill Hines had not aroused any particular suspicions in me. He had been drinking heavily, taking no food, and it was inevitable that he would pass away in some sort of a paroxysm. But now that I meditated upon the death of Mati in the same chair, recalled his cry of horror and the further fact that he had a special purpose in defeating the aims of the piratical sailors, made me think there was something beside accident in their deaths.

A sudden thought made me spring out of the chair and cross the room to the door. In another moment I was up the rude, rickety stairs and in the dusty attic. I left the door open and was thus provided with plenty of light for my enterprise. I first examined the floor and walls closely and then narrowed down to the great chimney of the fireplace. I came upon the chink from which I had drawn the bit of charred string and now produced this bit of evidence and examined it closely. In these things I thought I held the clew to something material and I forthwith returned to the room below.

The grate was now cold. The ashes had been reduced to a fine powder. I began stirring about in this very gingerly with my index finger until presently a lump of something which, to the ordinary observer, might have seemed only a cinder. This I took up and by dusting and blowing disecreetly managed to get at its character. It was a brown lump, not any larger than the end of my little finger, but the nature of its composition left no doubt of its use.

As I sat studying this my eyes roamed about and with quick recollection alighted upon the turban of the late Mati. It reposed where I had hung it and I lost no time in leaping for it in the hope that a scrutiny of its folds might reveal something corroborative of what I already had found. My hopes were more than realized, for when I had unwound only a small part of the compact headdress I had the satisfaction of extracting from one of the folds a tiny vial containing a crystal. I immediately let go a shout which fetched the whole contingent of my habitant friends to the room in the belief that I was in danger and had uttered a cry for help.

"Sorry I alarmed you," I said, when they had entered and I, emerging from my excitement realized that my enthu-

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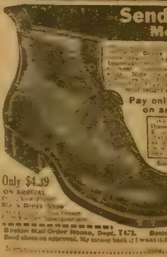

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siasm was the cause of arousing them. "But I have solved the mystery."

"Of se tuskaire?" cried Gaspard.

"No, no, the mystery of the sailor and the Hindu," I said. "At least my work in school has been of some advantage. Now I know I shall go back to my chemistry with a better respect for it. I have solved the mystery just as a regular scientific sleuth would have done it."

"Please tell us," said Cecile. "I never was so anxious and curious in my life."

"Well," said I, to Delcasse, "you remember our little excursion into the attic?" He nodded.

"It was then," said I, "that I found this." And I exhibited the bit of string with the charred end. I confess there was a bit of the braggadocio in this little display, but I could not refrain from making my recital as mysterious as possible.

"Dear me," said Cecile, "what can that piece of string have to do with the killing of two men?"

"A great deal," I said. "I may not have the motives and the intentions of the slayer correctly outlined, but I have at least discovered the means by which they died. So I shall give the facts and on this skeleton drape my theories so you may judge if I am right."

The three trappers stood wide eyed and expectant as if they were in the presence of some occult power.

"It's all very simple—when you know," I said to them. "In the first place we must have a motive for the crime—if there was a crime. I believe that's the way all detectives begin. The motive I got from Mati, the Hindu. He was robbed of a religious token by which he set great store. It was a small ivory elephant. This was stolen from him while he and the thief were aboard the same vessel; and that vessel is the same one now in the hands of the pirates. It was most natural that Mati would try to get back his idol, but when he discovered that Bill Hines, who was the thief, had taken refuge in this house he found himself compelled to use extraordinary methods."

I paused for a moment and held up the turban. "It was Mati's face under this turban, peering thru that window one stormy night, that told me Bill Hines feared nothing in the world so much as the East Indian. Putting two and two together I have the nucleus of the plot. Listening to Bill Hines' ravings while he stamped and swore and drank about this room convinced me that his thoughts were largely of escape from a ship of some sort, and of flight from a person he called the 'eddicated heathen' who was given to the use of poisons."

"Poisons?" gasped old Delcasse.

"Now you begin to see the way the matter stands," I said. "Well, at first I thought Hines had died of alcoholism. A little later I recalled a faint flush of his dirty face and also a slight odor as we came into the room. At that time I was so excited by the swift succession of events that I overlooked obvious conclusions. The shriek of Mati and the manner in which we found him lying told me there was something wrong, but I decided to wait.

"You see this string. Now I want you to see this small lump of matter I have taken from the fireplace. These things are the connecting links. You are aware that Bill Hines spent most of his time in the chair before the fire. This fact came readily to the attention of Mati because he was continually watching Hines' every movement, spying at every window."

I was interrupted by an exclamation from Cecile "Then it was he who stole from my pantry," she cried

"It was," I said. "That's a confession I got from him. Now then, the fact that Hines sat so much before the fire gave Mati, the 'eddicated heathen' with the poisons, the idea he wanted. He took a small vial and placed in it a crystal of mercuric cyanide, which is one of the most deadly and instantaneous of poisons Then he tied a string about the neck of the vial and lowered it thru a chink in the chimney from the room above here, lowered it far enough so that when a good fire was built the flames would break the glass. The instant the heat came in contact with the cyanogen the result was a powerful fume which is called cyanogen gas. This deadly gas burst out from the fireplace. One inhalation of it and the thing was done There is almost no trace of it left save that the cheeks of the vic[illegible] [illegible]ght show a slight flush and that was w[illegible]t I saw on the face of Bill Hines."

My friends stood silently about me when I had ended this part of my reconstruction of the murder. Lavelle broke the silence.

"But why would Mati kill heemself?" he demanded

"I have gone into that, too," I said. I told them in a few words of my experience with Mati and of how he had eluded me. "Mati knew that I had knowledge of the tusker," I said, "and he was afraid that I had taken it from Hines. Therefore he planned to poison me, too."

"O!" cried Cecile. I turned to her thankfully.

"But he didn't," I reminded her, and was glad to see that she blushed in some confusion for this display of interest.

"He had just finished suspending his poisonous bottle in the chimney," I continued, "when Peaceful Henry and his pirates began their attack. He tried to escape, but was cut off by the pirates. In his eagerness to dodge into a place of safety he ran plump into the trap he had set for me."

"That was the scream we heard," said Gaspard, nodding reflectively.

"But how do you suppose the Hindu came to have such a poison with him?" asked Cecile.

"I don't attempt to explain that," I answered. "Only I am sure that Mati was not a mere ship's cook. He sailed as a cook because it was the most convenient way of making a very necessary voyage. I have reason to think he was a very well educated person and that he went provided for all emergencies. Look."

I held up the vial I had taken from Mati's turban. "This is a sample of the stuff he carried."

None wanted to touch it, but accepted my statement that it was Mati's last dose of poison. "This," I said, "is mercuric cyanogen as it appears in the crystal. This," and I displayed the lump I had taken from the grate, "is the same thing after it has been exposed to the heat."

"But," said Cecile, "the tusker is missing."

With that we began to think of our situation again.

"Peaceful Henry" and his wicked band are not yet at the end of their rope. Read in next week's Ledger of their persistent efforts and of the unexpected things that happen. It will be the final installment of "The Tusker" and will explain in full the mystery surrounding the old, ill-fated image.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912:

[illegible] **Chicago Ledger,** published weekly at [illegible], for October 1, 1919. State [illegible] [illegible] of Cook (ss.). Before me, a notary [illegible] in and [illegible] [illegible] deposes and says [illegible] manager of the **Chicago Ledger,** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. D. Boyce Company, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Editor, M. M. Taylor, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Managing Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Business Manager, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

2. That the owners are: W. D. Boyce, 9,499 shares, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. W. D. Boyce, trustee for B. and J. Boyce, 500 shares; 9,999 shares out of 10,000.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: No bonds; no mortgages. In regard to section 3 of the law, the **Chicago Ledger** does not accept payment for any editorial or other reading matter printed as news.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed: W. D. BOYCE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1919.

(Seal) F. G. REYNOLDS.
Notary Public.

(My commission expires Aug. 22, 1923.)

"Gets-It" Peels Off Corns Painlessly

Off They Come Like Banana Skin. 2 or 3 Drops, That's All.

There's a murderous, painful way to get rid of corns, and then there is the peaceful, glorious "peel-it-off" "Gets-It" way. After you have tried "Gets-It" you will say "never again" to all other methods.

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"Gets-It," the only sure, guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, costs but a trifle at any drug store. M'f'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill

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Don't make the fatal mistake and neglect "Backache" or other occasional twinges of pain. Don't think that it will always "pass away." Find the weak spot that is the cause. It may be that they are the first warnings that the kidneys are not working properly and throwing off the poisons as they should. If this is the case, the less time wasted in remedying the defect the better for you.

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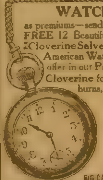

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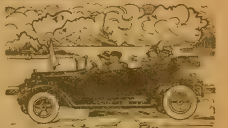
A fine new 1919 five passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. You can be the happy and proud owner of this automobile. Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these automobiles, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it.

ANSWER THIS AD QUICK—SOLVE THE PUZZLE!!

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful



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When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.

AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY We will also make you a present of a Certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS You can also win, in addition to the automobile, splendid prizes such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, cameras, and other things you like, without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications worth ten cents.

YOU CAN'T LOSE in this greatest and most liberal contest ever offered.

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AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 5, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Amos Hopstone

(Continued From Page 4)

with tears in his eyes.

Cruel as this offer of mine may seem, as regards the Smiths, it was not in reality so. The gun, altho doubtless an excellent one in its day, was not in the best of condition. Indeed, my great-great-grandfather had discarded it just after the Revolutionary War as being too inaccurate to use. My great-grandfather used it for years as a crowbar, and my grandfather and father had used it during their lives as a stove poker, and for the four years I had been boarding, my landlady's negro helper had used it to poke clinkers out of the furnace grate. It was a flint-lock musket, and I still possessed a handful of flints and the powder horn that went with the musket

That evening Amos Hopstone called for the musket, and when he held it in his hands he looked at it rather disappointedly, but he said he would take it. He said he guessed it would shoot further than an ax, anyway. I doubted this, but I said nothing. When Amos Hopstone left my door that night with the musket under his arm, the handful of flints in his pocket, and the powder horn slung over his shoulder, it was the last time I ever saw him

THE next day I took a copy of the list of Smiths to Edgar Smith. He received me sullenly.

"I suppose I've got to pay you for this," he said, "but this branch of the Smith family is going to the dogs, and the more ancestors it has the more ashamed of itself it ought to be. Kate is pining away, and my wife is about sick over it all, and now Amos Hopstone has gone off without so much as giving us notice!"

He seemed so depressed that I thought best not to tell him why Amos Hopstone had left. Neither did I think it an opportune time to call his attention to the fact that Grandma Smith's name stood at the very top of the list of all the Smiths. I merely mentioned that he now owed me the first payment on his genealogical tree. He immediately ordered me out of the house. His cup of trouble seemed overful

But the last week in January a new worry came to him. He received a letter from Grandma Smith in New Hampshire The penmanship was cramped and uncertain because Grandma Smith had written the letter in the open air with woolen mittens on her hands

"My dear son," it said, "I am in good health, but nervous. That old Jackanapes Wilmot still sits on the other side of the fence with his cow in hand But do not imagine I am afraid of him I am worried about something else About the first of this month an uncouth man with black hair and blue pants came to this neighborhood, and every day he hides behind a tree across the road and shoots. I have no idea what he is shooting at, but he is a reckless shooter. Several times a bullet has come into my yard. I am worried. He shoots all day, and the noise annoys me. I believe he is insane."

A few days later Edgar Smith received a second letter.

"My dear son," it read, "that crazy man is still here, and I am sure he is crazy. This morning he crossed the road and rested his gun on my fence. I almost believe he is shooting in this direction Every eight or ten shots he becomes violently insane and throws down the gun and jumps on it. It is making me nervous."

The next day another letter arrived.

> My Dear Son: I am becoming nervous over the actions of the crazy man with the gun. Today he climbed over the fence into my yard and hid behind the apple tree, and he has been shooting all day. At 3 o'clock this afternoon he shot that old jackanapes Wilmot's cow. I hoped then that he had shot what he had come to shoot, but no; he is still shooting. Can he be shooting at something in my yard?

The next day there was no letter, but the day after that there was one.

"My dear son," it said, "I am packing my trunk tonight and I shall start for Westcote tomorrow. I cannot stand this crazy man any longer. He is on my nerves. At 11 o'clock this morning that old jackanapes Wilmot was shot in the leg and was taken away to the hospital, but not before he had said he would buy my farm if I would call off the man with the gun. I accepted a first payment and we shook hands on the bargain while the man with the gun banged away at whatever it is he is shooting at. I still consider that old jackanapes an old jackanapes, however. I reserve that privilege. I am writing this in my dining-room, and the man with the gun is outside, leaning on the window sill and firing into the room. I am tempted to believe he is shooting at me. Only a minute ago when I turned to look at him he asked me, with tears in his eyes, to please sit still. The room is full of powder smoke. I begin to fear that my life is in danger"

When Edgar Smith handed me this letter his face was bright and smiling.

"Now," he said, "our troubles are at an end. You must come over this evening and bring your cornet, and we will celebrate your engagement. The wedding may be as soon as you and Kate wish, and Mrs. Smith has already decided on your wedding present."

"Forks or spoons?" I asked merrily

"Neither," said Mr. Smith. "We are going to give one of the silver-plated things that look like an egg and that are used to stick in the horn end of a cornet so it will not make so much noise'

Thus Amos Hopstone brought joy to two fond souls, and happiness to a home, for had he not started out to exterminate Grandma Smith she would, no doubt, still be quarreling with Grandfather Wilmot, and Kate and I would still be parted This proves again the value of genealogy.

A few days ago I received a letter from Amos Hopstone, written from a small town in western Pennsylvania.

"Deer sur," it said, "I've past on to Smith number two. Number wun was bulet proof Thare's too manny Smiths to waste bulets on bulet-proof wuns when thare so old. Lett hur die of ole age if she wants too. Yours foar vengins, Amos Hopstone."

* * *

While the Cat's Away.

WHEN Mrs. Angus left for her annual two weeks' stay in the country she arranged for Angus' creature comforts in a way that would do credit to an efficiency expert

On the kitchen wall—she figured that most of Angus' time would be spent in the kitchen—she tacked a card of rules. When to get in nights was the first. When to feed the cat, the bird, the goldfish was put down and what to do when the milk and the ice arrived. The grocer's telephone was listed. What to eat and when, she tabulated for his information

Further, Mrs. Angus put in a supply of edibles for her husband's use. She laid out rations for him like a commissary steward. She allowed him so many packages of breakfast food. For dinner he had a supply of canned meats and vegetables to draw upon. And—she wrote a "P. S." that if he ever really longed for a home-cooked meal all he had to do was to tell the Hammers, next door, that he would be there for dinner.

But Mrs. Angus didn't know that Mrs. Hammers had also decided to leave town at the same time for two weeks and leave Hammers on his own resources

The next evening Angus was sitting alone on his front porch when he noticed Hammers musing in the gloaming on the plaza across the lawn. The two men soon discovered that they were summer widowers and had a long fortnight of it ahead of them. Late that night the two left with suitcases for a yacht club close to town. Why die of loneliness when congenial friends could be had in large quantities? No reason in the world. For the entire two weeks neither Hammers nor Angus went within miles of his home. Every other day a boy from the club was dispatched to their domiciles to feed the live stock and get the mail. Every time the boy made the trip the keeping of live pets in any man's house was bitterly condemned

The night Mrs Angus and Mrs. Hammers were to arrive their husbands were at the station to greet them and escort them home. As Mrs. Angus entered the living-room she registered surprise. As she went thru the other rooms she registered more surprise. Her womanly eye told her that the house had been unoccupied. In the Hammers home the same scene was being enacted.

How did the husbands explain to their wives? Perfectly good sure-fire alibis must have been forthcoming, for the Angus and Hammers households are still running as merrily as ever. Maybe the truants even told the truth

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D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1.25 bottle by mail to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge

* * *

Old Stuff.

"Where do you get this fish from, waiter?"

"Comes in every day, sir, by fast express"

"Sure it isn't parcel post?"—Life

* * *

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Nowhere else such an astounding offer on this beautiful latest model Nu-Satin Skirt. Send no money with your order. We ship it absolutely on approval—give you the chance to examine and try it on—and we take it back if you want to return it. This offer made because only by seeing this superb skirt can you realize what an amazing bargain it is in price, and what a stunning style. And you get a splendid Voile Waist FREE, just to prove that Leonard-Morton styles, workmanship and price are the best to be had anywhere. Send now—don't delay. Prices will be much higher later on.

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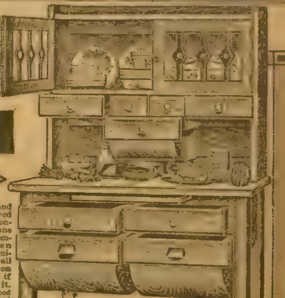

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On the reverse side appear the following tables and charts:

Table showing increase in crude oil and gasoline consumed and number of automobiles in use from 1910 to 1918 inclusive.

Chart showing increase in production of crude oil from 1910 to 1917, inclusive, comparing production of United States, Texas and the world.

Table showing number of wells drilled and number producing for each field, from 1912 to July 1, 1919.

Table showing approximate production for each of the principal Texas fields in 1918 and first five months of 1919.

Table showing dividends paid by principal North Texas companies from date of organization to March, 1919, inclusive, also dividends paid by large, old-established oil companies over a long period of years.

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Paternal Remarks.

"OF COURSE, it hurts my feelings to lose you," admitted the father of the pretty girl who had just become engaged, "but I might as well tell you right now, Ethel, that it hurts 'em a heap more to see you hang on Harold's words of wisdom breathlessly as you do, when all these years you have been systematically scorning mine."

"Why, father!" protested the pretty girl.

"I mean it," said her father vigorously. "Harold is a nice enough young man, and all that, but you know he has lived only twenty-four years, which is less than half of the time I have burdened this eathly sphere, and it stands to reason that, no matter if he were smarter than the traditional whip,' he would not have time to accumulate any overburdening amount of knowledge. Yet you are eternally quoting Harold in a superior, final manner which is galling to a gentleman of my tender, sensitive nature.

"I fully expect you, Ethel, to turn trusting eyes on me some day and murmur, didn't I know the moon was composed of Roquefort cheese? Why, Harold says so and Harold knows. I observed the last time it rained that you actually put on rubbers and when your startled mother gasped out a delirious comment you regarded her with gentle, condescending eyes and explained that Harold had made you promise always to put on rubbers when it rained. You spoke as tho Harold had made an original discovery of rubbers. Since you were 3 I have begged, spanked, implored and commanded you to wear rubbers, painting in vivid colors the sad ending with flowers coming your way if you disregarded what I said. You threw the rubbers into the first ash can you passed or went out and buried them in the back yard. Anyhow, Ethel, you didn't wear the rubbers.

"You set me right on the European question the other night, too. I had just finished telling the Grobbams, who are very nice people and look up to me, just why it was that things were as they were over there, and the Grobbams were perfectly satisfied until you broke in. You were very sweet about it, but you explained just why I was wrong. You said Harold had told you all about it just a day or so before and he had made it so perfectly simple that any one could understand it.

"I'd have you know that when your Harold was rolling a hoop in the park and going to bed at 5 o'clock on a bowl of bread and milk I was deciding weighty questions about whether stocks were going up or down and guessing right as often as most of 'em.

"Just because Harold said he liked women who improved their minds you are wearing out all the encyclopedias and sets of literature in the house that I bought for you originally and finally grew to regard as handsome parlor ornaments. Ordinarily you would walk a mile and get typhoid fever or chicken pox or mumps to avoid using those books. My song about storing up knowledge in one's youth was all flats and off key, so far as you were concerned.

"When Harold talks you listen with the rapt expression of a devotee. 'Here,' say you, 'here is my chance to learn what really is what. Nobody has ever told me anything all my life before. How fortunate that I met this wise young man who is always entirely correct on any subject and so willing to share his wisdom with me. Think how terrible it would have been had I been obliged to wander thru darkness as I was doing until he came along. I will be generous and let some of the light filter in upon papa and mamma, too, while I am about it.' That was why I heard you telling your mother that Harold said fish was better rolled in clay before baking. I'd like to see Harold get away with that recipe with any $10 a week cook who had never gone fishing in the woods. Your mother knows more about cooking in one minute than——"

"Oh, pooh!" said the pretty girl laughing. "You're just jealous. Anyhow, Harold says——"

"Oh, my sainted grandmother!" moaned her parent hopelessly. Well, I hope I live long enough after you're married to see you reach the stage where you've discovered Harold is just a mere man and doesn't know half as much as you do. I certainly shall enjoy his sufferings then."

* * *

He Would Wait.

HAVING come to the conclusion that his wife spent far too much money on housekeeping, Jobson decided to buy the meat and vegetables himself. His first attempt was not as successful as it deserved. In his desire to buy cheaply he betook himself to a market gardener's.

"I want," said he, "a cauliflower."

The man led him to a large bed, where sprouted a few very small plants.

"Cauliflowers are small and are very scarce just now, but I can let you have that one for ten cents," said the gardener, pointing to a very small specimen.

"All right," said Jobson. The man bent down to cut it.

"Don't cut it now!" roared our economist. "I'll call back for it in a fortnight."

Where He Quit.

HE HAD worked for the farmer nine years as a hired man and was apparently contented until his employer added poultry raising to his list of activities. Then the hired man had to write on each egg, with an indelible pencil, the date and the name of the hen that laid the egg. One day the man marched up to his employer and announced: "I am going to quit."

The farmer was astonished. "Why are you going to leave," he asked, "after working for me all these years?"

"Well," said the man, stoutly, "I've done pretty near everything about this place now, but I'll starve before I'll go on being secretary to your darn old hens."

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The Woman Who Knew Fagkins

(Continued From Page 8)

arms; till he sensed the answering throbs of her heart-beats to his own. She looked up. On her face, in her eyes, there shone the silver light of a star.

She placed one hand on his shoulder; with the other, she drew his head down. "You love me? You love me?" she whispered.

His arms tightened about her. "You know I love you!" he cried.

Sudden tears gleamed like glints of dew on the dark, thick lashes

With tender yearning he watched them. "Why are you crying, my darling?"

She brought her lips to his brow. "I always cry," she murmured, "when I think of the goodness and love of God."

TO CONINGSBY the spiritual essence of that moment came as a direct surprise. In books, in plays, from the lips of men he had read and heard of love as a flaming physical thing in which the senses sprang forth to grasp and take their own. Altho he had never trifled with the lighter toys of love, he was a man in whom a great force of passion lay latent, and he could easily imagine the beauty of a woman like Mrs. Dean quickening to blaze and clamor the spark that lay smoldering in his blood. But when he did clasp her slender loveliness to his heart, it was no terrestrial desire which held his thought enthralled. Rather it was an emotion begotten more of spirit than of flesh which, filling him with a sense of reverence and almost melancholy tenderness, made him take gently the caresses from her lips.

And all during the play at the Tulane and the dancing in which they participated later at the Yacht Club, this feeling of transcendent exaltation lingered with him.

"I feel," he told her, smiling, "light and uplifted, as if I were flying on wings."

Escaping from the ballroom they had wandered out on one of the porches which overlooked the broad, gleaming expanse of Lake Pontchatrain. Shielded from casual view by a high banking of palms and ferns, he slid his arm about her, drawing her to his side.

"Tell me, are you happy, too?"

Her laughter chimed out softly. "Is that the moon shining up there in the sky?" she asked in turn, gazing at the radiant disk of silver in the heavens?

Eyes on a sailboat which was riding down the shining path of silver thrown upon the waters by the moon, they dipped into the tender, self-analyzing talk of lovers. Like little children chortling over toys, freshly painted and new, they poured out before each other's gaze the treasure-stores of their minds

"And when, dear, shall we be married?" asked Cedric at last

Her fingers sank into the stuff of his sleeve.

"We must wait a while, Ced," she answered

His look lingered ardently on the purely clear face "But why? Why must we wait?" he objected. "Oh, Angelique, my dearest," he rested his cheek against the soft wave of her hair. "I want to marry you soon! Soon!" His voice deepened in emphasis.

She smiled up at him, a slight, elusive smile. "I know, dear, I know; and I want to marry you soon, but there's Shirley we must think of."

"And why must we think of her?" he demanded.

"Because she must be married first. She must be married before any one even knows that we're engaged," she explained with a look of quiet determination in her lifted eyes.

A frown drew between his brows. "But why—" he began, suddenly irritated at any thought of delay

"Can't you trust me, Ced? Won't you believe that I have our happiness at heart—yours and mine—in all I do and say?"

His look went deep into hers. He lighted up with a smile. "You lovely bit of a woman, of course I trust you! It's only that I shall be counting the hours until I can run away with you and have you—all my own," he uttered with jealous ardor. "Tell me, when is Shirley to marry?"

Her gaze drifted across the placid, moon-shot waters. She leaned against his stalwart form, as if with him she had found quietude, renewed energies and strength.

"Some time next month," she said gently. "They are to decide the exact date tomorrow."

His clasp tightened about her. He closed his eyes. Like a slide, the present was withdrawn, and his gaze plunged back to those shadowed hours of doubting and suspicion thru which he had passed into this exultant moment of love. Fool he had been ever to question her motives, her actions, her thoughts! What were the gossip, the slander, the talk but so many arrows aimed at the unalloyed purity of her heart! How could any one knowing her, seeing her, associate with the ethereal sublimity of her character anything save that which was good and true? What petty things—what unconscionable little cats women like Kitty Drexel were!

What had the gossip sprung from anyway? He thought a moment. Ah, yes, her friendship with Chapman Griswold. And what of that? But the picture of Griswold as he had last seen him loomed before him like an ominous thing and would not be argued aside. From the limbo of temporarily forgotten things, Griswold's question, "You will, of course, keep your engagement to lunch with me at Begue's?" and her answer, "Yes, I will keep it," leaped out to smite and mock the entirety of his trust. Surely, he thought, in the new relationship which he occupied towards her, he might question her submission to the wishes of that scoundrel

"Angelique, something is troubling me," he said at last

"What is it, dear?" came her low murmur.

His face assumed lines of sternness. "It's Griswold." At those words he felt her quiver. "Do you mean to tell me that after what happened this evening you are going to lunch with him tomorrow?"

She grasped the railing of the porch, until, in the moonlight, he could see her knuckles whiten with the fierceness of that grip.

"You don't understand," she faltered

But tho he could see her agitation, he thrust on. "No," he admitted, "I don't. I don't understand how any woman could condone by further association with him his actions of this evening."

Her breath became labored. He could see the diamond pin on her breast rise and fall. She moved away from him. With eyes searching the silvery waters, she said: "It isn't a question of condoning, Ced."

He stepped nearer. "Then what is it a question of?" he asked. Then, in a deep voice, suddenly grown tender "Angelique, sweetheart, won't you explain it all to me? Haven't I the right to know?"

There was silence; a silence of rippling waters, and music, echoing and soft, borne in upon them from a distance.

A look of inner torment and distress stamped pain on her features. Watching her as she stood there in white, her gown receding from her shoulders, and revealing the rose and ivory of her flesh; drinking her in as she clung there, the moon weaving a halo about her face so steeped in beauty, so moved by sorrow-

(Continued on Page 23.)

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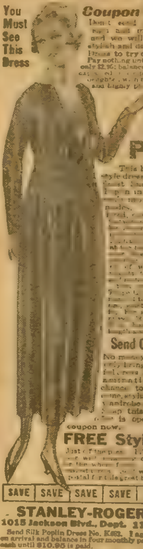

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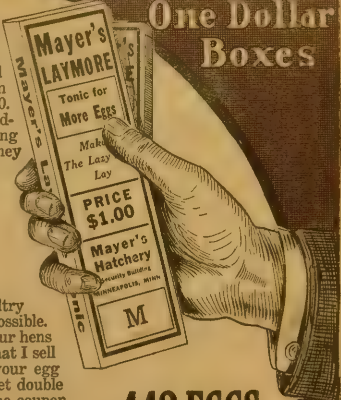

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Send me $5.00 worth of Laymore. I used it before and it is good.
Ella Ritchart, Pomelta, Bend, Mo.

Enclosed find $1.00 bill for which send me two packages of Mayer's Poultry Tonic. I have used two packages with good results Send at once, don't delay, we need it. It sure is a help.
Pearl Ernst, Council Grove, Kas.

Please find enclosed check for four more packages of Laymore, as I find it to be just as represented.
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EGGS	MONTHS	HENS
1	Jan.	32
50	Feb.	32
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123 eggs for the first 9 days of May. If this statement will help you, use my name.
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The Woman Who Knew Fagkins

(Continued From Page 21)

ful emotions, which he could not fathom, Coningsby's heart travailed for her.

"Dearest," he begged, "confide in me. Your happiness in all respects is the chief concern of my life. Let me help you." Gently he covered with his those hands which were so desperately clutching the balustrade.

At his touch she flinched. "No one can help me," she told him.

He bent over her.

"There is something about all this which I do not understand, which I have never understood from the first. Nothing could convince me that a woman of your sensibilities and delicacy of feeling goes with a man like Griswold from choice. There is some reason for it all. There must be!" His inflections rose masterfully. "I insist that you tell me."

She covered her face with her slim, ringless hands. "No, no!" came the muffled voice.

Again there was silence. His tone when he spoke was tenderly reproachful. "Don't you love me enough for that?"

She lifted her face. Emotions, vitally sad, deeply stirred, had left their mark on it.

"I love you enough to give my life for you, Ced. I have loved you ever since——" She stopped.

"But not enough to give me your confidence," he observed gravely. "Oh, Angelique, my dear!" he hesitated; then, as she said nothing he continued: "And so you are going to lunch with him tomorrow?"

The words seemed wrenched from her lips. "I must," she uttered thickly.

He moved away, as if he were about to leave her.

Her arms outstretched to him. "Oh, Ced, can't you trust me?" she repeated. "Some day you will understand. Some day I shall tell you everything." She clung to him pleadingly. "Is it so much I ask when I beg you for a little while to have—faith?"

The blood rushed into his heart with a hot gush. He caught her in his arms, kissing the scarlet lips, the pallid cheeks, the fragrant hair.

"My dear one, my sweet one," he cried, "I have faith in you, that faith that Some One once said would move mountains!"

HEART to his heart, he held her, thoughts hushed to everything save her loveliness and charm. Lips to her lips he kissed her—then a staccato voice startled them, wrenching them apart.

"Oh, pardon me," laughed Kitty Drexel, peering at them thru the palms, "if I interrupt so romantic and loving a scene. This is our dance, Ced," she reminded, tripping towards them, and adding with an arch look at Mrs. Dean, "Of course, I could hardly expect you to remember under such stressful circumstances." Daintily she moved a step away.

Coningsby wheeled about. "Kitty," he called, "Wait!"

"Oh, you needn't bother," she smirked. "Bob, who is more unromantically occupied at the punch bowl, will dance with me, no doubt." Again she started to go.

"Kitty," the thunderous note in Cedric's voice stopped her.

With head cocked over her shoulder, she glanced at him.

"What is it, Ced?" she murmured with over-stressed sweetness.

"Come here!"

She came. Something in his face made her fear to defy him.

"Well, here I am. What is it?" she lisped, inflecting her tones with the babyish note which always infuriated him.

He fought for self-control. "I have something I want to tell you," he informed her coldly.

"Yes," she cooed, sweeping Mrs. Dean with a cool, inquiring look.

"Mrs. Dean and I are engaged to be married," he announced, moving to Mrs. Dean's side. "We had not meant to reveal that fact so soon, and so trust to your discretion."

Kitty's brows flashed up in surprise. "Engaged? How interesting." She gave her silvery laugh. Then turning to the other woman she said, "Engaged? How clever! I congratulate you, Mrs. Dean."

But in her little blonde head she at once began to lay certain plans. And those plans could be expressed in five pungent words: "Getting even—with a vengeance!"

The third installment of this delightful tale of mystery and romance will appear in next week's Ledger. The author, adept at painting enthralling, masterful word pictures, has a treat in store for Ledger readers in the third part of her interesting story. Don't fail to order your copy now.

* * *

Molly's Housekeeping.

"WELL, how did you get along with the housekeeping while I was gone?" asked Molly's apprehensive mother as they approached the house.

"Oh, fine!" declared Molly. "I don't see why people make such a fuss over housework. It's nothing at all to do. It didn't interfere with my golf or anything."

"What's the matter with the porch boxes?" her mother asked suddenly. "Didn't you water them?"

"Why—no, I don't know as I did. But you'd hardly expect things to wither in a week, would you? You see, I kept thinking it might rain or something; the paper spoke of rain.

"Look at our wicker chairs, mother. Jim and I painted them with some paint that was left from Jim's dog kennel. It was lots of fun. What? You don't like that shade of orange? You think they're ruined? Why, mother, I think they're awfully pretty. What does it matter if we did spatter paint all over the side of the house; nobody's going to notice it.

"Yes, the living room does look a little disorderly. I haven't dusted yet today. There's no sense in dusting before evening—that's when you're most apt to have company. You see, Jim and Maude and Sarah and Arthur and Jack were all in here last night and we popped corn in front of the fire. The boys got to rough-housing and spilled it all over the floor—that's what that white stuff is on the rug.

"Those bundles on the piano? Why—let me see. I think those are some groceries I ordered last week. I wondered where they were. I don't remember how I happened to put them there. No, I haven't cleared the luncheon table yet, but I haven't had time. You see, Jim came after me with his car just before we were thru, and, of course, I couldn't miss a lovely ride just for old dishes.

"The cooking? It's been awfully easy. I bought canned salmon and soup and salads at the delicatessen and baker's cake and things, and the meals were so easy to get. Why doesn't every one do that, mother? I don't see any sense in hanging over a hot cook stove.

"Father liked my cooking all right, yes, only he said he preferred to get his dinner in town the last two or three nights. I'm sure I don't know why. No, I didn't get his breakfasts. I seemed to oversleep mornings.

"The laundry? Well, I was going to fix it yesterday and then something happened, so I didn't. And, oh, mother, I did one thing you'll like. I ordered five crates of strawberries from a man who was selling them awfully cheap; they'll be here today. I thought you'd like to can them the minute you got home. What? You can't imagine what I was thinking of? Why, mother, I thought you loved to can strawberries.

"Oh, I must tell you about Linda. I forgot that Tuesday was her day to clean and I went off on a picnic and locked up the house so she couldn't get in and she was awfully mad; said she'd never work for us another day. I suppose that's one reason the house looks so disorderly now.

"Oh, that spot on the ceiling is just where I forgot and let my bath run over yesterday; it came thru a little. The ice chest? No, I haven't done anything to it. I suppose the man has put in ice every day—I never thought to look. Of course, I haven't cleaned it. Do people clean ice chests? Well, I suppose you may have told me about it, but I can't remember everything, I'm sure.

"What? You think the house is in frightful condition? Why, mother, I've done my best, really I have. I can't see any sense in just devoting yourself to house work. You're too critical. Really I can't see what it matters if there is a little dust on the chairs.

"There's Jim out there honking for me, mother. I've got to go. If you'll look around more I'm sure you'll find things in pretty good shape. I've worked awfully hard, really!"

"Really!" sighed Molly's mother. "Well, I suppose you really think you have!"

* * *

Setting Was the Word.

"Those women have been setting there for an hour or more."

"You shouldn't say 'setting,' my dear. It is 'sitting.'"

"No, 'setting' is what I meant. I think they're hatching out trouble for somebody."

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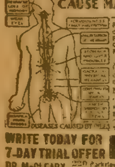

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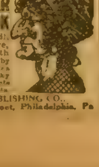

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The Box of Bewilderment

(Continued From Page 11.)

lock. A long-drawn sigh of relief escaped him like the exhaust from a steam engine. At once he dropped to his hands and knees and peered, as best he could, thru the crack between the light door and the casing.

He could make out Miss Cranley sitting at her table, and on the row of hardwood chairs on the outside of the wooden railing a man's gray-clad knees just visible. On hands and knees Orski crawled away from the door. Reaching the polished hall tree, he grabbed his fedora hat from it. He careened across the room to a narrow doorway which led into the adjoining business office, and opening it stepped suddenly into the great room full of clerks and stenographers and draughtsmen already closing their desks for the night. His abrupt appearance on the scene caused a wave of rigidity to pass over the whole force. But without stopping Orski made his way past them all with a rush, thru a door into still another room, and thence out thru the main entrance of the Consolidated Electric Company to the corridor of the building and the elevator shafts. One of the draughtsmen nudged another as he swept thru the great room. "Didja see the Old Man?" he gasped. "White as a ghost. Looked like he was facing death itself."

Outside, facing the elevator shafts in the corridor, Orski looked wildly down the long marble hallway toward the door of his private office which housed that pair of gray-clad knees. Not an elevator was in sight. He pressed madly on the elevator button. And then the lumbering freight elevator coming down at the upper end of the hall awakened him to some semblance of electrified activity.

"Here—here!" he called to the operator. "Stop here. Let—let me down with you. In—in a terrible hurry—catch a train. Here——"

The operator, apparently recognizing him as one of the big men of the building's business firms, slid open the front door and Orski rushed pell-mell into it. Even as the door clanged to, he had fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a handful of bills, of which he stuck a "one" in the amazed operator's palm.

The car lumbered to the first floor, but the gate which the operator now slid open exposed to view only a dull gray alley paved with cobblestones and filled with wagons, boxes and barrels. In a jiffy Orski was out and dodging past rearing teams and ponderous motor trucks. In the fraction of a minute he was out on Dearborn street, a block from the building which housed those gray-clad knees. An empty taxicab was rolling slowly by. He choked as he tried to summon it and succeeded only in making feeble gestures with his hands.

The driver, seeing a possible fare standing at the mouth of an alley waving frantically at him, drew up sharp. Even before he had come to a stop, Orski had leaped on the running board and was inside the dark interior of the car. "Num-5533 Greenwood avenue," he said, mopping off his white forehead with his coat-sleeve. "And—and drive like hell!"

The machine was off with a jerk. Reaching Michigan boulevard, filled at this hour of the evening with fashionably dressed women and silk-hatted men swinging their canes, it was enabled to make greater speed on that broad thorofare of macadam. Inside of twenty minutes the machine had drawn up in front of Orski's bachelor apartment in Hyde Park. He bid the chauffeur wait and hurried inside the expensive building of orange bricks and hand-carved masonwork.

Opening the door of his apartment on the second floor, he went straight to his bed and, dragging from underneath it a tan traveling bag, leaped to the bureau and began to throw wildly into it shirts, collars, cuffs, brushes, a comb, and various other articles needed for traveling. Inside of less than four minutes he had it jammed to bursting, the flap of a collar even sticking out the end of the bag. He sprang to the telephone, and raising the receiver banged it frantically up and down. After what seemed to him an interminable time, but which was only ten seconds, central answered:

'Give me Central 4710," and when, after the clicking had followed, a new voice answered, he groaned: "Connect me with Mr. Levenson's room at once."

Again more clicking and then Levenson's voice.

"This is Mr. Orski," said the Russian faintly. "Levenson, I—I am leaving town suddenly. No one must know my address. Absolutely no one, Levenson. I am leaving you in charge of the whole business. You—you will find in the little reft-hand drawer power-of-attorney giving you the right to vote my stock at the meeting next week. You will accupy my desk and my office. To every one you will say that Mr. Orski left for California. What my later moves will be, I cannot say at this time. I shall make many jumps—and shall be on the move a great deal. Carry thru the Hemingway matter just as we arranged. You will hear from me each day either by letter or night telegram, and I will inclose with each communication my next destination. Each letter and telegram from me must be destroyed as soon as you receive it.

"Why—why—Chief," began the other faintly. "Why—you're not sick, are you? Your voice sounds so——"

Orski looked back of him at the clock. He shivered, and his forehead grew moist and clammy again. "That's all," he bit off desperately. "I will communicate with you by telegram tomorrow. Under no conditions my address to any one. Remember that. Good-by!"

He banged the receiver hook furiously. "Give me Wabash 4200." He waited a moment, steadying himself with his palm against the delicately tinted wall. "Hello? hello? Depot? New York Central Lines? Information? What time does the next train leave for the East? One pulling out from the downtown depot just now? I'm at Hyde Park. Can I catch it at the Englewood station?"

He paused only long enough to hear the answer; then he grabbed up his traveling bag and leaving the receiver swinging on its long green silk cord, dashed from his apartment, banging the door shut behind him. In a second he was out to the taxi-cab, climbing in. "Englewood station of the New York Central," he snapped out. "Hurry—hurry—hurry. For God's sake make speed. My train's leaving the downtown depot now."

As the taxicab pulled off he jerked from his pocket a ten-dollar bill. Then followed a swift, bumping, rattling ride in which the cab swayed drunkenly from side to side, and in which its lone passenger shrank back in the protection of the leather cushions. Even before the machine reached the approach to the small frame depot that marked the Englewood station, Orski was out on the running board. Far down the track the roar of a coming engine could be heard. He shoved the bill up to the chauffeur. "Keep the change," he muttered, and leaped off into the street.

He was at the foot of the long approach to the Englewood depot as the train stopped chugging for a bare second at the upper platform to take on a woman and child. Whereupon he swung the satchel tightly under his arm, threw his head and shoulders forward into a crouch, and broke into a sobbing run.

Here we have a man who has never seen this brass medal in his life leaving town inside of a half hour after viewing it. The case is becoming more puzzling. Do not miss the developments in this mystery story of next week's issue—the Oct. 25th Ledger. You will need them badly, for even then we'll warrant you can't guess the end of the story until you reach the last paragraph of the last chapter.

For Ledger Boys and Girls

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You see, it was one of those warm, bright afternoons in which so very often fairy folks come to visit the little people instead of waiting until night time, when Mr. Sandman comes around with his magic bag.

Mr. Sandman is a very jolly fellow, by the way, and a great friend to the fairies. Every night, as I said before, he comes around with his bag of sand to scatter over sleepy heads. Sometimes, when the moon is every bit as bright as daylight, the Pixies—who are a mischievous lot to be sure—follow Mr. Sandman and sweep up some of his sand, using their little cat-teaser brooms and a leaf for a dustpan. Then what fun they have! They put the sleepy sand in bags, do the Pixies, and they keep it until daytime.

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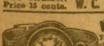
The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. **W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus Pa.**

Wrist Watch Given



You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Vallieres and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the $2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. RAY ART CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO.

creep up behind little girls and boys and —Swish!—goes a bit of the magic sand from the Prixies bags and not even the most interesting of games could keep the children awake.

"Well, it was an afternoon after a bright moonlight night that Teddy heard Charleyhorse talk.

Teddy was sitting at the foot of a mound of hay in the loft. He had just had a splendid slide down the mound and he was resting a moment before climbing up again for another slide when a voice came from Charleyhorse's stall below.

"My! My!" it said, "what a wonderful day it is, Mrs. Robin. It must feel very queer to live way up in a tree as you do. I would be frightened."

A little chirruping, piping voice answered.

"Dear no," it said, "it's a fine feeling, so breezy and springy. I love to have my nest rocked for me by the wind, it keeps the babies quiet and gives me time to practice my music."

Teddy peeped over the edge of the loft. There stood Charleyhorse and in the doorway a smart little robin.

"Well, well," Charleyhorse said just then, "I suppose it is safe for a body as little as you. It would have to be a pretty big tree to hold me. But it must be nice to live in an apple tree as you do, right up near that delicious juicy fruit."

'Yes, it is convenient, tho one can't entirely live on apples," Mrs. Robin chirruped.

"They're awfully good as dessert tho," said Charleyhorse wistfully.

"Delicious!" Mrs. Robin agreed—then —"do let me see if I can get you one, Mr. Charleyhorse."

"Oh, that would be so nice of you!" Charleyhorse cried, "but I do hope it won't be too much trouble!"

"Not a bit," Mrs. Robin assured him. "Don't you let me take all the bits of oats and such that I want from your manger? Come right into the yard and I'll get you an apple."

Charleyhorse followed Mrs. Robin into the yard quite willingly. Up flew Mrs. Robin to the branches of the apple tree.

"Here is a good one," she said, peering down thru the leaves.

"Ah! It does look good," Charleyhorse agreed.

So Mrs. Robin used her sharp little bill, her sharp little claws and even her wings to try to make the apple fall. She shook and pecked, she flapped and scratched, but the apple held firmly to the branch.

"Dear, dear," she said, panting a little and leaning on a twig for support. "It's a—bit—harder than—I—thought!"

"Dear, dear!" echoed Charleyhorse. Tears of disappointment shone in his eyes.

By this time Teddy had climbed down from the loft and stood in the doorway of the barn. Now he ran forward.

"Let me help," he said, for he was a kind-hearted little boy and glad to do a good turn for any one.

Both Charleyhorse and Mrs. Robin looked at him.

"How can you?" cried they.

"I'll climb on Charleyhorse's back," Teddy said, "then I'll climb into the tree."

"But you won't hurt my babies?" Mrs. Robin asked, doubtfully.

"Of course he won't," Charleyhorse cried, indignantly. "Teddy loves the birds and would never harm any living creature."

"No, indeed," Teddy put in. "Mother has often told me how very grateful we ought to be for all the little birds that sing to us and are so useful."

Well, Charleyhorse stood near a stump so Teddy could get on his back. It was quite a big climb with Charleyhorse so slippery and sleek. Then there was the branch to take hold of and much pulling by Teddy and pushing by Charleyhorse, who used his soft nose to boost Teddy up. And there was Mrs. Robin, who fussed about and insisted on taking hold of a strand of Teddy's hair to help pull him up.

Altogether it was a stiff climb, but Teddy got there, and Mrs. Robin sat on the branch with him quite certain that she had helped the most.

So Charleyhorse got his apple and Teddy found that coming down was not half so hard as going up. In fact, he went so fast it was quite confusing. He landed on Charleyhorse with quite a bump. Mrs. Robin gave a chirrup.

Teddy rubbed his eyes, he was sitting on Charleyhorse sure enough, but Charleyhorse was still in the barn and Teddy's Daddy was holding Teddy on the horse's back.

"Wake up, you little sleepy head," Teddy's Daddy was saying, "This isn't any time to sleep. One would think the Pixies had been after you."

When Teddy told all about his little adventure, his Daddy laughed.

"Old Charleyhorse is chewing on an apple now," he said. "So that must be the very apple you picked for him. That proves it, doesn't it? Eh, Teddy?"

And Teddy was sure he saw Old Charleyhorse wink at him.

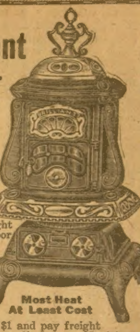
* * *

Too True, Alas!

"Do you think this new price increase is due to a shortage in transportation?"

"More likely the shortage of honesty."

$1 Brings This Brilliant Regent Hot Blast Heater



Heat your home at least cost for fuel by getting this splendid Regent Hot Blast Heater. Not only saves coal, but burns up smoke and gas. Will save its cost in the fuel saving it makes over the ordinary wasteful heater. Has full black cast base. Wedge joint holds body securely to fire pot. Handy shaker door. Ash pan free. Fire pot is 15½ in. diam. Body 16 in. Height 50 in. Feed door opening 9⅛x8¼ in. Floor space 21x21 in, Pipe collar 6 in. Elegant design and a wonderful heater. Richly nickel trimmed—a real beauty. Shipped from foundry in Ohio. Shipping weight about 155 pounds.

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Yes, set it up and see what a great heater it is. If not satisfied after 30 days send it back and we will refund your $1 and pay freight both ways. If you keep it, pay on our easy credit terms. No fairer offer ever made than this. Get your order in now. Order by No. 387BMA23. Price $19.85. Send $1 now. Balance $2 monthly.

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Enclosed is $1. Send the Regent Hot Blast Heater No. 387BMA23. I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied, will ship it back and you will refund my $1 and pay transportation both ways. If I keep it, I will pay $2 monthly until price $19.85 is paid.

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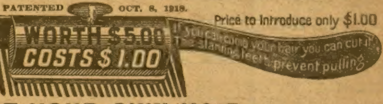
FREE IF YOU SEND TODAY FREE

$2.00 NEW DUPLEX STROPPING ATTACHMENT Duplex Hair Cutter and Stropper Complete Outfit for Only **$1.00**

After considerable experimental work we now have a perfect stropping attachment, with which anyone can put all four cutting edges in shape in a minute. We have found that at least one hundred perfect haircuts can be obtained by using this stropper. Cut out this ad and send it to us with only **$1.00 TODAY** and we will send you the stropper ABSOLUTELY FREE. Both DUPLEX HAIR CUTTER AND STROPPER, the Big $2.00 outfit for ONLY **$1.00**. This wonderful half price offer will not be repeated. Send TODAY.


PATENTED OCT. 8, 1918.
Price to Introduce only $1.00
WORTH $5.00
COSTS $1.00
If you can comb your hair you can cut it. The slanting teeth prevent pulling

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR EASIER THAN SHAVING

You do not need any experience or practice to use the **DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER.** It comes to you ready for instant use, and five minutes after you receive it you can have your hair cut better than it was ever cut before.

The **DUPLEX** will cut as closely or trim as long as you wish it to. No clippers or scissors are needed with the **DUPLEX**; it finishes the work completely. It cuts the front hair long and the back hair short. Trims around the ears, etc.

Inside of a very short time you will have to pay $2.00 for the **DUPLEX**. The price today is $2.00, but while our present stock lasts we will accept this advertisement the same as $1.00 Cash. Cut it out and send it with ONLY $1.00 and we will send you the **$2.00 DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER AND STROPPER** ready for instant use, postage paid, to any address. Agents wanted.

DUPLEX MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. T-12, DETROIT, MICH.

Boys—Boys Here is Your Opportunity FREE

YES, you can have one of these wonderful Welsh ponies FREE—not one penny cost to you. This is the chance of your life time—don't miss it—write in at once for full details. You'll be the proudest boy in your town when you get one of these splendid ponies. Don't fail to write us about them. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. EVERY BOY GETS A PRIZE.

Act Quickly—Write NOW—At Once

Hurry—hurry—sit down now and write us for full information about how to get a pony *absolutely free*. Don't delay—this offer will soon be over. Of course you want a fine pony—every boy does—so write us now—at once for full details.

The Junior Yanks, Dept. 4018 —144 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

The Usual Courtesy.

"Brokesley," said the grocery-keeper to the deadbeat who was planning to move out of the community, "I don't believe you will ever pay me what you owe me. It isn't worth while to sue you for it, and you have nothing I care to attach. I will simply give you a receipt and call it paid."

"Fine of you," said Brokesley.

A few moments after, seeing that Brokesley still lingered about, the merchant said:

"Was there something you wished to speak to me about?"

"Not specially, but ain't it customary to give a feller a cigar when his account's settled?"

◆

Its Identity.

"I came mighty near having a fight with a guest yesterday," said the landlord of the tavern at Peeweecuddyhump. "He said there was a blue-bottle fly in his huckleberry pie. I said there wasn't, and asked if he thought he knowed more about running a first-class hotel than I did. He said if he didn't he'd have his head bored for the simples. I told him what he could do, and he paid his bill and left."

"Well, was it a fly?" asked a friend.

"Not by a durn sight. It was a hornet."

◆

Quite Near Enough.

Marjorie and her mother were out shopping.

In one establishment the proprietor's dog, who liked children, came over and stood beside her.

Marjorie told him to go away, but he only moved closer.

The assistant asked her if she didn't like dogs, and she replied:

"I like dogs all right, but I likes 'em 'cross the street."

◆

Independent Thought.

Mother—"And are you learning anything in your lessons in natural history in school, Ethel?"

Ethel—"I think I am, mamma."

"What have you learned?"

"Well, it's taught me to think that it wasn't a cow that jumped over the moon at all; that it was a kangaroo."

◆

Willing to Help.

"A shilling's worth of carbolic acid, please," said the depressed-looking man.

"This is a hardware shop," said the assistant, regretfully, "so we don't carry it. But isn't there anything I can do for you in our special line of ropes, razors and revolvers?"

◆

A Cheaper Way.

"My dear sir, nothing but an operation will save your life."

"What will it cost?"

"About $500."

"But I have only $150."

"In that case let's try what these pills will do."

◆

The New School.

"Is this a strictly modern school for young women?"

"Judge for yourself."

"Well?"

"Dancing, motoring, aviation and stump speaking are featured in the curriculum."

◆

Sign of Affluence.

"They must be very wealthy."

"What makes you think so?"

"They own a phonograph."

"Shucks. Lots of people own phonographs."

"I know, but they keep theirs supplied with the very latest records."

◆

Had 'Em All.

"What kind of breakfast food have you?" the dyspeptic traveling salesman asked the rural New England waitress.

"We've got all the reg'lar kinds," said she, "ham and eggs, fried steak, fried bacon, griddle cakes, doughnuts an' apple pie. What'll it be?"

◆

Weather Permitting.

"Your congregation was rather small this morning."

"They only promise to come, weather permitting," replied the clergyman.

"But it was fine and clear."

"Yes, that's the kind of weather that doesn't permit—it's too good for golfing."

◆

Those Girls Again.

"Ella's new photo must be a jolly good likeness."

"Why?"

"She's had it two days, and hasn't shown it to any one."

◆

"So you attend Sunday school regularly? Well, now, can you tell me what was the first thing the Israelites did after crossing the Red Sea?"

"Yes, sir. They dried themselves."

Why Gompers Fled.

Sam Gompers has been telling a New York reporter a good story against himself.

"While I was in London," he said, "I met a fellow countryman who greeted me very warmly. I knew his face quite well, but for the life of me I couldn't place him, so as a sort of feeler I asked him what he was doing in London.

"He looked at me in rather a queer sort of way for a moment, and then he answered that he had important business to transact with the British War Office. Finally I told him, in an apologetic way, that I couldn't recall his name."

"'Oh, I am General Pershing,' he said."

"What did you do then, Sam?" asked the reporter.

"Do?" replied Gompers, with a characteristic smile. "Why, I fled as quickly as I could, for fear I should be fool enough to ask him if he had been in the war."

◆

Inflated.

"What has happened to all you people?" complained the tourist. "Why, last year, when I came here, you were all so nice and friendly, and now everybody's too proud to speak!"

The oldest inhabitant solved the problem.

"Well, yer see, mister, it's jest village pride. Bill Smiff, 'e found a guidebook wot fell out o' a motor-car, an' now we know that Winyel's gravel-pit's a precipice, t' old duck pond's a mountain tarn, while Jim's pub's a wayside 'ostel, an' the 'ole countryside is full o' 'istorical hanecdotes."

◆

Too Late.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"What are you laughing about, Hiram?"

"One of them confidence fellers wuz in here jes' now an' wanted to sell me a gold brick, the fust one I've seen since Hector wuz a pup."

"You got rid of him in a hurry, eh?"

"Yep. I told him I'd jes' mortgaged th' old home place an' put th' money in oil stock. He groaned, 'I'm twenty years behind th' times,' an' drug himself out."

◆

Evolution.

"Do you believe in the theory of evolution?"

"I wouldn't venture to contradict it," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "Charley, dear, is always telling about animals that start as race horses and finish as dogs."

◆

Just Kids.

"Guess I'll go into the parlor."

"No fun in there, only sis with her beau. What you wanter go in there fer?"

"I won't be long. He'll pay me a quarter to git out."

◆

PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

Once I proposed to a nice young lady.
She told me to go ask father.
Now I knew that her father was dead.
I knew the kind of a life he had led.
So I knew what she meant when she
Told me to go ask father.

The Biter Bitten.

"The guest arrived this evening has brought a package of great value apparently," said an innkeeper's wife to her husband. "I wish he would leave it behind."

Thereupon the husband got busy. He prepared a certain spicy vegetable and gave it to the guest in abundance with his soup and with his meat.

The next day the guest departed; but there was no trace of the baggage in his room. Thereupon the landlady began to scoff, declaring that the remedy for producing oblivion had failed.

"It has succeeded," declared the husband. And while his wife stood gazing blankly at him, he continued:

"And the proof that it has succeeded lies in the fact that our guest forgot to pay his bill."

◆

Perceptible Speech.

Ephum Johnson was up before Judge Shimmerplate on a cruelty to animals charge.

"'Deed Ah wasn't abusing dat mule, Judge," the old man demurred.

"Did you not strike it repeatedly with a club?"

"Yassah."

"And do you know that you can accomplish more with animals by speaking to them?"

"Yassah; but this critter am different. He am so deef he can't hear me when Ah speaks to him in de usual way, so Ah has to communicate wid him in de sign language."

◆

Caustic.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Dubwaite, as he sat down at the table and squared himself for the evening meal, "what have the neighbors been up to today?"

"I thought you were not interested in the neighbors?"

"I'm not. I merely wished to get the usual recital over with so the conversation for the rest of the evening might relate to topics of general information, calculated to instruct the mind or banish ennui."

◆

Selfish Motive.

"I want a perfectly noiseless lawnmower."

"Considerate of the neighbors, eh?"

"It isn't that. If I can't get up early and cut grass without the neighbors hearing me, I'll have to lend that lawnmower seven times before I get to use it again myself."

◆

A Natural Question.

"A feller down on Fiddle Creek took and throwed his mother-in-law in a well tuther day," related a neighbor.

"What was the matter?" asked Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "Didn't he never expect to have no further use for the—p'tu!—well?"—Judge.

◆

Knew What He Was About.

A member of a national medical association tells the following story at the expense of a physician:

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked—"are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors have sometimes given wrong diagnoses and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"You have been woefully misinformed," replied the physician indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

Brain Teasers.

Hidden Leaders.

164—1. Rip Van Winkle saw that the man carrying the wooden keg ran to the top of the mountain.

2. Even a small child can help a little every day.

3. In August use every possible means to keep cool.

4. Men, a pole once was erected high upon that hill.

—

Word Square.

165—

x x x x x
x x x x x
x x x x x
x x x x x
x x x x x

1. Inexpensive.
2. A port in France.
3. An ocurrence.
4. The earth-nut.
5. Trifling.

—

Anagram.

166—I am a word of seven letters.
My first two letters are a male.
My first three letters are a female.
My four first are a brave man.
My whole is a brave woman.

—

Cracker Puzzle.

167—1. Add a letter to depressed and find a cracker.

2. Add a letter to mental unsoundness and find a cracker.

3. Add a letter to a river in Africa and find a cracker.

4. Add a letter to sod and find a cracker.

5. Add a letter to excommunication and find a cracker.

6. Add a letter to a narrative and find a cracker.

—

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

160. Missing Words.

These (plates) show ribbons gay—in (pleats) and bows,
And blooms of (petals) tinted (palest) rose;
Colored designs in (pastel) first are made
For all our crockery (staple) of our trade.

—

161. Six Word Square.

E S C A P E
S T O V E S
C O V E R T
A V E N U E
P E R U S E
E S T E E M

—

162. Triple Beheadings.

1. Col-lie. 2. Inf-use. 3. Cou-sin. 4. Shr-imp. 5. Caf-tan. 6. Exh-ale. 7. Son-net. 8. Adv-ice. 9. Rot-ate.

Lusitania.

—

163. Geographical Double Acrostic.

C—air—N
A—lic—E
P—apa—W
E—qui—P
M—ang—O
A—ste—R
Y—ach—T

—

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WEALTH IN TEXAS OIL. WOULD YOU risk $10 with the possibilities of making hundreds or thousands? We own the following leases in Texas: Eastland County. Five acres (J. M. Bishop 358 A) two and one half miles northwest of Desdemona. Wells reported flowing four thousand barrels, two thousand feet from this lease. Erath County. Ten acres (R. L. Kirkland) three miles northeast Desdemona, about three thousand feet from wells reported three thousand barrels. Wichita County. Eleven and one half acres (P. Corrigan survey-Sheegog farm) two miles south Burkburnett. Now drilling this lease. Contract let for ten wells. Acreage in block No. 96 Red River lands northwest Burkburnett 250 feet from Vershoyle well reported making 3,500 barrels. 300 feet from Staley well reported making 3,000 barrels. Several other wells in this block doing two and three thousand barrels. Pecos County. Six hundred forty acres. Archer County. Twenty acres. McLennon County. Eighty acres. We are offering a wonderful speculative investment opportunity. Send $10 for 100 shares (or more at the same ratio) of our stock on these terms. If ten days after receipt of literature you want your money back we will refund it without question or quibble. Literature sent upon request. Don't wait. Buy now. First buyers get the big profits. A gusher means big returns. Every stockholder assured of a square deal. Receipt for money mailed to you same day received by us. We can furnish references if desired. The men behind this company are not professional promoters. They have put up their own hard cash endeavoring to make some real money. Our president (experienced oil producer and now in Texas field devoting his entire time to the interests of our company). First Vice Pres. (machinery manufacturer). Second Vice Pres. (Mercantile Business). Treas. (grain and feed dealer). Secretary (machinery manufacturer.) Fear keeps people poor. The fear of losing a little money has lost worlds of fortunes for worlds of people. "It is never safe to look into the future with the eyes of fear," was the favorite expression of the world's most wonderful empire builder and capitalist, E. H. Harriman. Address The Empire Texas Oil Co., Belmont, N. Y. (Home Office.)

BRANCH MANAGER WANTED BY OLD ESTABLISHED Chicago concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely, in good location, all at our expense. We allow you to draw out $175 a month and will also pay you liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work may be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make $5,000 or more a year, we want you, and will pay you well from the start. Send your application today. S. Levy, Manager Dept. 399—329 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ The Texas Investor, Weekly Magazine. Gives concise, reliable, up-to-date information and facts about most wonderful developments and fortune-making in history of Texas oil, and explains one particular opportunity in which investors should reap tremendous returns; published by practical oil operator and tells how and where to invest for greatest safety and quick results. Write for free trial subscription. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 739 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

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$1 DOES IT. TEXAS OIL LAND MAKING holders big money every day. Bank references furnished, investigate us thoroughly, that's all we ask. Results count. Our plan $1 down, balance monthly few months gives you Warranty Deed to land. May pay profits $200 or more monthly. Maps, reports, established facts Free. Address Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Typed or handwritten mss. acceptable. Send mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 1006, Washington, D. C.

TRICKS—GAMES

GREAT TRICK—HAND YOUR FRIEND A cigar it disappears before his eyes. Directions for making, 25c. Great seller. King Mfgr., Burlington, N. Car.

MAGIC GOODS, DICE, CARDS, GAMES, books, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Hurdland, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE, dice, tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

GO ON THE STAGE. WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE circular, tells how. It's free. Address Ray, Dept. 4, Lumpkin, Ga.

WANTED TO BUY

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH—WE PAY up to $35.00 per set, (broken or not). Also buy discarded gold jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum, diamonds, watches, and silver. Send now. Cash by return mail. Package held 5 to 10 days for sender's approval of our offer. U. S. Smelting Works, Dept. 5, Chicago, Ill.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADDER trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 33 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

RATTLESNAKE OIL; SURE CURE FOR deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY Store? You can handle, Sugar, Flour, Canned Goods, Dried Fruit, Coffee, and entire line of Groceries, as well as Paints, Roofing, Aluminum Ware and Automobile Oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

SALESMEN—SIDE OR MAIN LINE, TO sell low priced 5,000 mile guaranteed tires. 30x3½ non-skid sells for $11.95; other sizes in proportion. Good money making proposition for live wires. Write Consolidated Tire Co., 616 So. Michigan, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL OUR "Trees That Please" brand nursery stock. Outfit free, expenses paid and cash weekly. Vineclad City Nurseries, Boonville, Missouri.

AGENTS WANTED

EVERY HOME ON FARM, IN SMALL TOWN, or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin coal-oil mantle lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and leading universities. Awarded gold medal. One farmer cleared over $500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. No experience needed. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No capital required! Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 903 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. Maher made $597.50 in June. Nissen $19 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $2,500 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-145, Dayton, Ohio.

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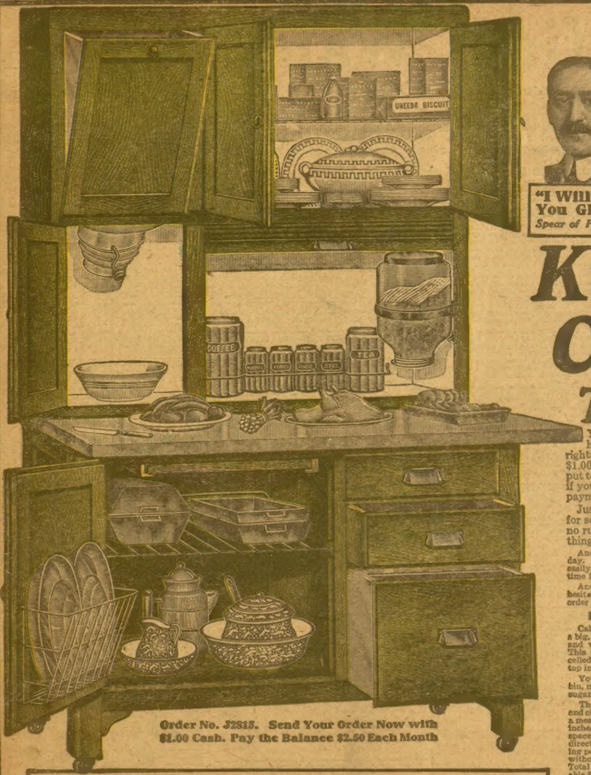

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